

THE READER'S DIGEST

of Lasting Interest



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No. 76
AUGUST, NINETEEN TWENTY-EIGHT

The Proposed International Fixed Calendar

From The Mentor

MONTH	1st WEEK	2nd WEEK	3rd WEEK	4th WEEK *
	S M T W T F S	S M T W T F S	S M T W T F S	S M T W T F S
Jan	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28
Feb	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28
Mar	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28
Apr	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28
May	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28
Jun	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28
†Jul	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28
Aug	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28
Sep	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28
Oct	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28
Nov	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28
Dec	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28

* No 5th or 6th WEEK † PROPOSED NEW MONTH DEC. 29, "YEAR DAY"

In the proposed calendar, every month will be like every other month. One day every year will have no week-day name, but will be called Year Day. Each of the present months will lose a day or so, and a brand-new month will happen between June and July.

Every month in every year would be exactly alike in dates and week-day names. In leap years "Leap Day" would be inserted as the midsummer extra Sabbath universal holiday and dated June 29th.

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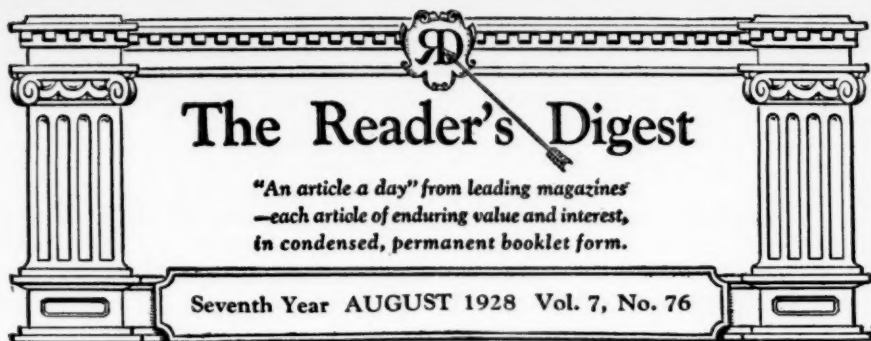
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in condensed, permanent booklet form.

Seventh Year AUGUST 1928 Vol. 7, No. 76

The Gastronomy of Colonel Carter

Condensed from The Scientific Monthly

Dr. J. Howard Beard

MUCH of the social, political and intellectual life of the people clustered about the banquets of Babylon, the festivals of Greece, the feasts of Rome and the coffee houses of England, but all these lacked the wholesomeness, the hospitality and the charm of a dinner of a Virginia manor in those happy days "befo' de wah." Belshazzar's table had luster, Epicurus gave eating fastidiousness, Lucullus prided himself upon the costliness of his cuisine, and Boswell learned his Johnson in the taverns of London, but only a Colonel Carter of Cartersville could make a dining room so inviting and the food so physiologically exact that the guests "wanted life made up of one long dinner continuously served."

Colonel Carter was a native of Fairfax County and of one of the "veyh fust families of Virginia." He was frank, generous, tender-hearted and as simple as genuine. He had a soft, low voice, tempered with a most attractive cadence. When the colonel ascended his throne at the head of his table amid the beauty and fragrance of roses, he reigned as the most hospitable of hosts, as a gastronomist incomparable and as the connoisseur of food par excellence. "To

share with you his last crust was a part of his religion; to eat alone, a crime."

He had more than the genius of an epicure, he had inherited the instinct to dine well. To him a good dinner was the necessary preliminary to all the important duties of life—the *pièce de résistance* of social intercourse. The head of his table was his throne. There he ruled supreme with a splendor and a charm that reflected the varied hues of the many sides of his delightful nature. It is not surprising that such a host should portray in his dinners the commingling of the exactness of science, the emotions of an artist, the chivalry of a knight and the cordiality of a Southern gentleman of the old school.

The colonel promoted the hygiene of nutrition by the regularity of his meals and by his insistence upon the punctuality of his guests. To be ten minutes late to dinner was almost unpardonable, because a duck could not be cooked "a minute over eighteen" and "the burning of a canvasback was a crime." To him all food had its exact minute of cooking and precise temperature for serving. Such scientific accuracy excluded dilatory diners.

He gave prestige and social correct-

ness to his dinners by always dressing especially for them. Chad, the waiter, emulated the example of his master and appeared brilliant in white jacket and apron. He took his position behind the colonel's chair and with great dignity announced that dinner was served.

Colonel Carter, by his knowledge of food, the warmth of his hospitality and by his extraordinary personality, converted a meal into the classic of a Virginia dinner, putting into practice gastronomical principles which anticipated certain discoveries of modern science by several decades.

By subtle suggestion through his delicate cautions to Chad, in the presence of his guests, he used their eyes and ears to convey powerful psychological stimuli to create the desire for food and to produce conditions favorable to digestion.

"There, Major," said the colonel, "is the breast of a bird that fo' days ago was divin' for wild celery within fo'ty miles of Carter Hall. A pinch of salt, a dust of cayenne, then shut yo' eyes and don't open them 'cept for a drop of good red wine. It is the salt marsh in the early mornin' you are tastin', suh."

Food fit for a dinner at the colonel's must not only have a delicious taste and be cooked to the minute, but must "send a savoury cloud of incense to the ceiling."

Dinner was an occasion of fellowship and vivacity; business was adjourned—"not a word befo'" the meal was finished. Worry and haste, the twin brothers of dyspepsia, never passed the threshold of his dining room. Its arrangement and his companionship im-

mediately gave his guests comfortable relaxed bodies, free and easy minds and cheerful happy spirits. Nothing, not even an impending duel, could impair his appetite or dull the colonel's enjoyment at dinner.

"Throughout the entire repast he was in his gayest mood, brimming over with anecdotes and personal reminiscences." His conversation would range from the preparation of pickles to politics; from family blood to 'possum hunts; from domestic delicacies to modern literature. His talk was as delightful as potent in the production of an excellent mental attitude for normal digestion.

Lest some sorrow or disappointment hidden behind the smiling countenance of a guest should suddenly emerge to mar the joy of dinner, the genial colonel would admonish his hearers: "Salt yo' food, suh, with humor. Season it with wit, and sprinkle it all over with the charm of good fellowship, but never poison it with the cares of yo' life. It is an insult to your digestion, besides bein', suh, a mark of bad breedin'."

No fiat of preventive medicine needs more an Elijah and a modern Carmel from which he might proclaim it than: care, speed and food-bolting wreck health. More and more is the meal time being robbed of its restfulness, its cheerfulness and charm, by becoming a business conference and the zero hour for launching drives. How futilely does the busy man of today sacrifice pleasure, mastication and time for eating—the essentials of normal digestion—only to find that he can not escape the consequences of his folly by swallowing pills, potions and powders.



Hokum of the Intelligentzia

Condensed from The North American Review (July, '28)

Catherine Beach Ely

ALMOST all varieties of hokum have been enlarged upon in current literature except the Hokum of the Intelligentzia. We shall apply the spade to the large flourishing field of hokum which modern intellectuals produce, and shall hold up a few luxurious specimens.

First Specimen of the Intelligentzia's Hokum: The Middle Class is Thickheaded and Hardhearted. It is reiterated by our sophisticates that the Middle Class is bigoted, prosaic, unimaginative, commercial, inartistic, vulgar, unprogressive, domineering, crude. Not one of the simon pure intellectuals will say a good word for this deplorable stratum of society which somehow obstructs the magnificent parade of the *Illuminati* toward their promised land.

Yet a large proportion of the world's greatest statesmen, painters, writers, actors, poets, and musicians came from the Middle Class. Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, Dickens, Hugo, Balzac, Whitman, Schiller, Beethoven, Handel, Gainsborough, Corot, Columbus, Lincoln, Booth, Patti, Jenny Lind, Edison, Pasteur, and a host of other remarkable persons somehow emerged from this stodgy Middle Class.

In this same despised class originated such great historical progressions as the Christianizing of the Western World, The Renaissance, the Reformation, the abolition of American slavery, the origin of printing, the spread of popular education, pioneering and exploration, the growth of medical science.

Second Specimen: The New has value merely because it is new, and the Old is worthless merely because it is old. If an idea is old enough to have cut its teeth,

it is looked at askance by the Intelligentzia, and if it attains sufficient maturity to get a wisdom tooth, "away with it," they cry, averting their faces in order not to gaze upon the doddering idea. That wisdom consists in choosing the best, whether new or old, does not occur to them.

Third Specimen: Pessimism is more Artistic than Optimism. Every novel or play of undiluted intellectualism must terminate in fog or pitch darkness. Sometimes this intellectual product begins with crepuscule and steadily advances to midnight gloom, sometimes it is a uniform smut from start to finish.

In any stylish up-to-date intellectual product a love-affair must lead to adultery, suicide, one or more murders, or to cynical futility. At the finis we must see the lovers fleeing in a somber valley pursued by cruel customs and unjust laws, or sitting beside the ashes of their happiness. Optimism is the unpardonable sin among the fashionable intellectuals.

Fourth Specimen: The Mental Faddist is an Original Genius. The Intelligentzia plump their latest innovator down in the middle of the town square and cry, "Here is an original genius in your midst!" "Why, he isn't doing anything either beautiful or intelligent!" we exclaim; "he is just spinning around, getting dizzy and making every one dizzy that looks at him!" "Oh, you dolt!" jeers the Intelligentzia; "it is his super-intellect that makes him spin so fast. The only thing in life is to spin a little faster or more eccentrically than anyone else—then you are a genius."

Fifth Specimen: Realism Consists in Details of Unchastity. What would the

modern fictionist do without illicit sex-relations as his theme! He, the self-vaunted apostle of the new, has nothing newer to offer us than the scum and refuse of the mistaken pleasures of men and women since the world began. The advanced and enlightened brain of the intellectual can discover no more novel theme than the weakest physical moments of the race.

Sixth Specimen: Degeneracy is Piquant. Why do the ultra-realists of today follow the buzzard instead of the eagle? "The age is rapid and preoccupied," they argue, "hence only the odors of decay will arouse its jaded faculties. The application of spiritual beauty to life, the well-balanced relation of varied truths—what interest have these things for Joe and Jim between cocktails?"

We will now examine the hokum as it concerns history.

Seventh Specimen: The Puritan Complex excludes Art and Beauty. Modern literary swaggerers caricature the Puritans as solemn-faced cranks living in barn like structures, and spending their time destroying everything beautiful and punishing everyone who was enjoying himself. This picture leaves much unexplained. How is it that Puritan houses, furniture and other decorations are supplying at this very moment inspiration for modern architects and artists? And as we walk along the shaded streets of historic New England towns, we feel the harmony and peace of fine old houses. These are the houses the Puritans built and the trees they planted. Can we believe that they had no imagination, no happiness?

Eighth Specimen: The Victorians were Fussy Idiots. Far be it from us to deny that the Victorians had tidies on their chair-backs and too much bric-a-brac on their mantels. It may be that parents were not always frank enough with their children, and that considerable authority was exercised by Victorians in the home. But at any rate they had homes,

and spent evenings there together—such insipid hours when they might have gone to a night club! In spite of their kerosene lamps, early bedtime hours and slow ways, the Victorians had homes and literature, and their era produced famous personalities.

Ninth Specimen: Protestant Ministers are Hypocrites. The Intelligentsia stuff a large dummy with their prejudices and call it a clergyman. They place this dummy in the market-place of advanced fiction and proceed to pummel it vivaciously, with sidelong glances to see how the public likes the performance. The dummy is already losing its stuffing through overuse, but still it is passed around with as much enthusiasm as if it were an original work of art.

Tenth Specimen: Slander of the Dead is Clever Biography. Modern intellectuals go in for a jaunty form of biography—vilification of the dead. A clever, profitable game, that of slandering dead men, guaranteed to fill the pockets more quickly than a well-balanced record could do. It requires ingenuity, too, to reconstruct a human life with careful elimination of what was praiseworthy, and with emphasis on foibles and faults.

Eleventh Specimen: The Intellect is an Infallible Guide to Truth. That intellect is the only human guide stands as the fundamental assumption of modern intellectuals, which explains all their other vagaries. It is a fatal assumption, for the unaided intellect of man cannot see around the next corner; it leads into the desert of rationalism, into the morass of doubt. Man's inner life perishes when it loses the beautiful mysteries of spiritual intuition.

We are not creatures of one dimension. In spite of his vehement assertion of his own superior breadth and perspicacity, the undiluted intellectual is in reality of all modern men the most limited in vision, and in balanced faculties. Consequently he has nothing better for the public than hokum.



Science Measures Morals

Condensed from The World's Work (May, '28)

Albert Edward Wiggam

EVER since Adam and Eve made a moral success of one boy and a failure of the other, the training of children in character has been one of the chief concerns of parents. From that time till our own day character education has been the ultimate goal of all education.

Do all the vast efforts to educate for character, on which we spend hundreds of millions of dollars, do anybody any good? Do they make people *actually* better or worse? We are forced to the startling confession that nobody *actually* knows. In proof of this let us ask ourselves a few straight-from-the-shoulder questions:

Does the teaching of an ideal to an individual before he has himself gone through the experiences which caused that ideal to grow cause him to incorporate that ideal into his own behavior, or does it merely result in sentimental weakening of his character?

Does requiring a pledge promote the sense of honor or a disintegration of the sense of honor?

Does the giving of prizes and rewards for good deeds promote habits of honor and kindness, or of subterfuge and hypocrisy?

Does requiring a child to keep a record of its good deeds make it virtuous or priggish? Or does it teach the value of successful lying?

Does rigid discipline, such as that of military schools and camps, promote self-control or dependence on external props?

Nobody knows the complete answer to a single one of these and a thousand other similar questions. Yet we are spending untold millions every year in the assump-

tion that the answers are simple and obvious.

In view of this chaotic situation, it is a credit to the Institute of Social and Religious Research of New York City that it has within the last four years carried on an extensive research in an effort to answer a few of these questions with scientific tools. The investigations were made by Dr. Hugh Hartshorne of Teachers College, Columbia University, and Dr. Mark A. May, of Yale. To the writer, at least, this research seems to mark the beginning of an epoch in the moral history of mankind.

The point of attack was the study of the tendencies in school children to lie, cheat, and steal. The immediate object was not to analyze motives, but to measure the amount of deception and the strength of tendencies to deceive among children. The effort was not to catch any particular child, but to measure tendencies of classes and groups, so that in the end the investigators were able to say "The honesty index of class 7B is 70, of class 8A is 55," and so on. The tests were given to 10,865 school children from 8 to 16 years of age, in many types of schools—public, private, progressive, old-fashioned, rich, and poor. So highly intricate were the problems studied that the general reader, in perusing the report of these scientists, would find, as Bill Nye found in reading Webster's Dictionary, that the plot is sometimes difficult to follow.

On a number of tests the problems were steeply graded in difficulty, and they found that a pupil who cheated when it took a lot of trouble to cheat, would also cheat when it was easier. That is, if he cheated at a certain point

of difficulty, he cheated all the way down the scale. He did not suddenly begin to cheat at a high point of resistance. This is important for understanding what the authors mean by "measuring the tendency to deceive."

Some other tests were called "The Improbable Achievement Tests." One consists of a number of small circles arranged in a large ring on a sheet of paper. The test is to take a pencil and, with eyes closed, put as many dots as possible in each one of these circles, going-around the ring in serial order. Any high degree of success is ample proof that the subject peeped.

A number of puzzles also were used, which looked simple but actually were very difficult. The child who solved them too easily plainly cheated.

Other tests involved problems of information or vocabulary. First they were given without supervision: the children took the vocabulary test home. Then later other tests, of the same difficulty, were given under strict supervision. If a child made a much higher score at home, it was proof that he had received help or used a dictionary.

To measure the stealing type of deception, the children were asked to solve a puzzle by arranging a number of coins in a small pasteboard box. When the children returned the boxes there seemed to be no way by which the box used by each child could be identified, but they were secretly marked. As a result some children stole some of the coins.

Two types of deception were studied: *first*, lying to escape disapproval or punishment; and, *second*, lying to gain approval or reward. One method for finding the first type of liars was for the examiner to pass out a sheet, some time after a class had taken certain tests, with such questions as, Did you ever cheat on any sort of tests? Since exact records had been kept of all the tests in question, the liars were easily detected. From this a "truthfulness index" could readily be made.

It is one thing to find out that some children cheat, lie, and steal while

others do not, but *why* they do is quite another thing. The investigators did not undertake the staggering task of measuring the causes. They did, however, try to find to what extent lying, cheating, and stealing are associated with social and biological facts which have always been supposed to affect conduct such as age, sex, intelligence, physical condition, emotional condition, occupation of parents, cultural background, family life, race and nationality, religion, school grade, sociability, attendance at motion pictures, etc.

The girls almost uniformly cheated more than the boys on tests taken home. The authors believe this was due to the stronger desire of the girls to make good rather than to an inferior sense of honor.

Perhaps there is no belief more deeply seated than that people of high ability and genius are of doubtful morals. In so far as this study relates to the problem, it indicates the contrary. In the situations under experiment, stupidity and deception went together. On the average, the more intelligent the children were, the higher were their average scores for honesty. It must be continually remembered, however, that such results are only averages, and that there are many exceptions to the average rule.

The children were tested for emotional stability by a long series of questions, such as, What are you afraid of? What teachers have you disliked? In this way a "neurotic index," similar to that worked out for soldiers during the war, was given to each child. It was found that those with a high neurotic index tended to cheat somewhat more than did the most honest group.

One of the most surprising discoveries was that the occupation of the parents had a very consistent relation to the honesty of the children. The parents were divided into four groups: *first*, professional, large business, accountants, architects, physicians, teachers; *second*, small business, foremen, highly skilled labor; *third*, skilled labor—plumbers, electricians, plasterers, mechanics; and *fourth*, unskilled laborers.

The children of the first group stand out conspicuously as the most honest. The last three groups were very much alike, but the first group was distinctly above the average. Just why the children of a small business man should be less honest in keeping their eyes closed than are the children of bankers is not clear. The authors suggest that the conversation of the father and his associates, and what might be termed trade morale, play a part in determining the result.

The old controversy as to whether character is due to heredity or to environment, or both, was of course met with. Brothers and sisters were found to resemble each other in intelligence. Almost everybody admits that bright parents are more likely to have bright children than are stupid parents and morons. Our researchers found that honesty and dishonesty ran in families about as intelligence does.

One of the finest things that came out was that in some schools there would be a teacher whose classes ran distinctly higher for honesty than did others in the same building. The authors became convinced that these exceptional cases were due chiefly to the fine personal influence of the teacher. In one school where the pupils were very dishonest, they passed the following year under one of these superior teachers. Within a single year this class changed from the most dishonest to the most honest class in the building.

Some classes are known as the "best" or "worst" in the school from year to year. The authors found this was chiefly due to a kind of group morale, a sort of children's code that grows up from many causes and often becomes a dominant factor in the behavior of children.

Three groups were studied intensively to find out the influence upon honesty of various handicaps—bad homes, quarreling parents, and several other factors—when combined in a unified score. The three groups were designated as follows: the honesty group—those who were entirely honest; the dishonesty group—those who were dis-

honest and lied about it; the confessor group—those who were dishonest and, when asked, confessed.

A most ingenious handicap score was worked out for each pupil in these groups. The character of the homes was scored by an elaborate system, and also the home atmosphere—how the parents got along with each other, how they dealt with the child, and the like. One way of getting at the home atmosphere was a "good manners test." The pupil was asked to score as "true" or "false" such statements as the following:

"If soup is too hot, blow on it." "In helping yourself to sugar, use your own spoon." "A boy should not detain a girl to talk on the sidewalk." "When not in use the teaspoon should be (1) left in teacup, (2) placed on the table, or (3) placed on the saucer."

The answer to these questions gave an insight into the child's home life. Those with good manners cheated slightly the less.

A few other findings were as follows: It was no handicap in being honest whether a child came from a Catholic, Jewish, or Protestant home. Taken as a whole, the confessor group showed the lowest intelligence, the lowest deportment in school, the poorest homes, the worst parents, and the lowest neighborhood. It seems curious that the confessors had worse home surroundings and lower intelligence than the dishonest group, but it was so.

Children who attended movies more often than once a week were found to be more dishonest than children who attended less. This does not prove that the pictures caused dishonesty. It may indicate that such children have less home supervision, and many other things.

"Sociable" children were neither more or less honest than "unsociable" children. Private school children were somewhat less honest than public school children of the same social level. Schools with progressive methods had somewhat more honest children than had schools with old-fashioned meth-

ods. Everywhere the atmosphere of the home and the sympathy and understanding of the parents were strong influences upon the honesty or dishonesty of the children.

Are Protestant Sunday school children more honest than others? A real study was made of this question. There was no great difference between the two, in the samples studied. Those who attended regularly were no more honest than those who went occasionally, and those who had attended a number of years were no more honest than those who had attended a short time. This does not attempt to evaluate the entire significance of Sunday school, but merely shows that in a test of several hundred children, it did not seem to make its children more honest.

A number of organizations have recently introduced into many schools systems for teaching character. Our authors studied two of these, which they call "System X" and "System Y." In System X, each child keeps a daily record of certain good deeds, including truth telling. The child was rewarded for a good record by being promoted from rank to rank. The research disclosed the startling fact that the ones that got the highest record and advanced the fastest, cheated the most. It was further found that those who had been in the organization longest were the greatest cheaters. It was not clear whether this was because the organization unconsciously promoted the most proficient liars, or whether the system made them more proficient liars. At least no generally beneficial effects in inducing honesty were found to flow from this method.

There are a number of other organizations that endeavor to build character by the use of scout craft, civic activities, and interesting or wholesome ways of occupying the leisure of boys and girls. The lore of the Indian, the pioneer, and the knight is variously used, often with great emotional power and

literary beauty. One of these methods, here termed "System Y," was especially studied. The authors sum up their investigation thus:

"We can only conclude that in these places, this widely used agency for moral education, whatever its effects elsewhere, is either neutral or deleterious with regard to one of its major aims, the teaching of honesty. This conclusion must at once be supplemented, however, for System Y, System X, and for the religious schools, by the caution that in other ways it may be having a vast influence for good. These other objectives must also some day pass through the refining fire of scientific measurements."

What, then, are the main conclusions of this great research? The first is obviously that moral behavior is a thing that can be measured. The second is that the effects upon moral behavior of various agencies and methods of teaching can likewise be measured.

The authors believe that the investigation shows that moral education should proceed along two broad general lines: *First*, what is commonly called the "Removal of temptations." Among these temptations are rewards for honest conduct so alluring that they create dishonest conduct in order to obtain them. *Second*, carrying children through those types of experience in which the sense of honor, as an inner personal possession, is the natural outcome and sole reward of behavior. This sense of honor is to be learned, as anything is learned, by having the child practice repeatedly those situations which bring it about, till it gains the strength of a habit.

By this process he will achieve the only freedom there is, the possession within himself of the "insight and self-mastery" that not only enable him, but, by the insistence of his habit systems, drive him fearlessly to "challenge an imperfect world with a high ideal" of his own.

The Money That Makes Presidents

Condensed from The American Mercury (July, '28)

Frank R. Kent

IT is plain fact that not one election in ten swings on such things as issues, personalities, or platforms. Nine times out of ten, when there is a real fight between the parties, success hinges almost wholly on what have been called "current expenses." By that is meant sufficient money on election day to at least prevent the opposition from corraling the entire venal vote—money enough to employ your share of the employable.

"Current expenses" are not the so-called legitimate expenses accounted for in the statements of political treasurers, such as meetings, music, advertising, headquarters, posters, propaganda, publicity, payroll, stamps, stationary and the like. The term does not even refer to the secret deals which, for example, secure the support of numerous foreign language newspapers, or engage at large weekly salaries individuals supposed to be influential with labor, with certain religious denominations, fraternal organizations, and the like. "Current expenses" is the term for money spent on *election day*, and is entirely different from *campaign* money.

It will of course seem sordid and certainly is sad to say so, but it is none the less true that, like an army with the heaviest artillery, in politics where there is no normal numerical supremacy one way or the other, the side with the most money almost always wins. Probably there is a point beyond which money is not effective,—and a side with just enough for "current expenses" may be able to win over the organization with greatly superior funds. But when all the money is on one side, the fight is won. In a single ward or county it is

possible once in a while for the voters to be so aroused that the influence of money will be obviated. But never in the nation as a whole.

No President has been chosen in this country since the Civil War whose campaign was not sufficiently financed to take care of "current expenses." The elections of Woodrow Wilson in 1912 and 1916 are included in that statement. In both those campaigns, while the Republicans had more money, the Democratic fund was adequate, and so the venal vote was split.

Now, by venal vote I do not mean that of the voters who can be bought directly with a two- or a five-dollar bill. There was a time in many sections where the out-and-out purchasable vote was really large. The chief reason for the decline in open vote-buying is now fairly uniform law under which any distinguishing mark upon a ballot invalidates it, so that it is generally impossible to check up on the delivery of the goods by the seller. Inasmuch as it is unreasonable to place any confidence in the word of a man who will sell his vote, the industry has thus been nearly killed. The vote seller can take money from both sides, and no one can tell whether he stayed bought like an honest man or not. Cheating in the count has likewise gone out of fashion. The best proof of this is the rarity with which, in these days, the charges of vote buying or cheating in the count, frequent enough in most States 20 years ago, are made, and the furore which is kicked up when they are.

Yet the fact is that today money is more plentiful in our elections than ever before, and that the lack of "current

expenses" on election day is more fatal than ever.

To see how the practice works is a mere matter of applying mathematics. Reduced to its simplest terms, the facts are these: the country is divided into States, the States into districts, the districts into wards or counties, and wards into precincts. The precinct is the smallest political unit. There are between 150,000 and 160,000 precincts in the United States, and the average number of qualified voters in one of them is 400. That means there are practically 60,000,000 qualified voters, white, black, native, foreign-born, literate, illiterate, virtuous and venal—all kinds and classes. Of this great total approximately 50 percent go to the polls in a Presidential election.

In every one of these 150,000 precincts of approximately 400 voters each there are to be found on election day anywhere from 15 to 30 men—and now occasionally a woman or two—whose chief idea about the day is that it offers opportunity to make a little easy money. They are known as runners, or workers, or watchers, or messengers, according to sectional terminology. Many are impecunious idlers; others are thrifty fellows who utilize their holiday to make a few dollars. Some have real party affiliations; others have not. But all are registered either as Democrats or Republicans, and naturally look to their own party for work on election day.

Supplied by his superiors with money for "current expenses" the Democratic executive, say, picks out ten of these workers in his precinct and employs them at from \$5 to \$10 each. These men are worth on an average ten votes each. How is this possible? The answer is easy: their families. No bachelors are employed. Men of considerable families and wide connections are always given preference. Count the man himself as one vote, his wife as one, a couple of children, a son-in-law, his brother's family, aunts, uncles, cousins—it is easy enough to add up ten votes. Says the precinct executive making the

deal: "All right, \$10 for the day, Johnson, but you must be sure to get every one of them Johnsons in early." Occasionally he may be used to drag in some other backward voters, but if he delivers only the Johnsons he has made good. Consider, now, what 100 such votes mean in a precinct where the total vote is 400 and less than two thirds of that number really vote! And to these must be added the 60-odd votes the precinct executive himself is worth through the job-holders whom he controls directly.

Of course, when both sides are equipped with "current expenses" the Republican and Democratic workers offset each other, and the honest voters determine the result. But if one side has all the money, it is easy to pick up these workers from the other party.

Reminiscing about the 1900 Bryan-McKinley campaign, a Democratic precinct boss once said: "It was a hard blow on the Saturday before election when, instead of getting \$120 for my precinct, I got only \$30. I knew then that things were not going to be so good. There were a dozen fellows in that precinct who in every election I put to work at from \$2 to \$10 each. Usually they showed up at the polling place around 6 o'clock. This time it was nine o'clock before I could find any of them. Then I found one and he was good and drunk. He had \$25 of Republican money in his pocket. So did every other of my dozen floaters. They had never seen such money. Neither had I. I lost a precinct by 167 votes that I had counted on carrying by 150. I could have carried it if I had had an even break, but nobody could buck the kind of money they had that day. They could have put over a yellow dog against the Apostle Paul."

That tells the story. It isn't a question of candidates. If both sides have sufficient money, the two million low grade fellows scattered through the 150,000 precincts who regularly sell themselves and their controllable families tend to cancel each other's votes. But if one side has the money and the other has not, there will be no real argument.

Nervous Liquidation

Condensed from The Forum (May, '28)

Frederick Lewis Allen

AMONG the wizards of finance some work their way up from the bottom by slow and painful degrees; others attain fortune at a single bound. My career has been the quick kind. Only a few months ago I knew nothing about the stock market. In fact, I knew even less than I do now. I never read the financial pages of the newspapers. Whenever the men about me dropped into conversation about the remarkable rise in American Bread or the pressure exerted by the bears upon the leading rails, I seized the opportunity to be alone with my thoughts. I hadn't the slightest notion of how a bear exerts pressure upon a rail or of what happens to a rail when he does it. I could distinguish between stocks and bonds, but debentures were beyond me; and at the mention of amortization and sinking funds and time money I felt myself plunged into a fog.

But that was before I began commuting from New Canaan. It's a long ride from New Canaan to the Grand Central; long enough to read clear through the latest torso murder and arrive at the financial pages. I began to enjoy puzzling out the dramas of this strange new world. "SHORTS ARE SQUEEZED AS MOTORS CLIMB STEADILY": what was this if not a naughty romance of the open road, depicting the temptations of the limousine? "RUBBERS ARE HEAVY AS LIQUIDATION PROGRESSES"—was this a weather report, or the confession of an overshoe manufacturer?

Very cautiously I now began to join in the talk of my fellow commuters.

"What do you think of American

Suction?" one of them would ask another.

"Nothing better," the other would reply.

"Why?" I would put in timidly.

"They're earning between fourteen and fifteen dollars a year now," he would say to me, "so naturally there's a chance that they'll split up."

"This is terrible," I would say to myself. "Here are fine fellows, men of ample reserve (someone had said that they had an ample reserve) who no sooner begin to earn fifteen dollars a year than they are at each other's throats. But," I would think, "let us look at the bright side of things. Here am I earning much more than fifteen dollars a year and at peace with mankind."

"Can't anything be done to patch things up?" I would say, but no one would hear me. They were all talking as if they thought they might profit by the split-up in some way. "Buzzards," thought I.

"Don't you think the market is getting top-heavy?" one of the men would ask. "Look at Steel, for instance."

"Yes," another would reply. "But look at money. There's the thing to watch. Money's so easy—"

"What!" I would burst out, "do you think it's easy?"

"Certainly it is," he would say. "three and a half. It went down yesterday." And I would hide behind my paper again and look fixedly at Steel.

At last, however, I began to get the hang of things. I began to look at brokers' loans. I wasn't sure who loaned them money or what it was for, but from my own experience I knew

this was a thing to be done sparingly, if at all. When the amount of loans "caused some uneasiness," I felt uneasy too. Then there were car-loadings. Here, apparently, was something altogether different from brokers' loans. Car-loadings were all to the good. Nobody asked what the cars were loaded with. It might have been sawdust for all anyone cared. All you had to say was that more cars were loaded this week than the last, and the financial community rushed out and bought U. S. Angel Cake in a frenzy of optimism.

So I became expert in the lore of the market, and presently, when I found that some of my friends were making money, my own palm began to itch.

I sold my holdings in General Gaspipe (nine shares) to clear the way for a big speculative stroke. I waited for the perfect moment, till one morning I felt in my bones that everything was all right. I went to Jim Roger's office and said to Jim, in a low, impressive voice, that I wanted to buy ten shares of General Utility. At the market? Yes, at the market. I signed the blank and walked out, mopping my forehead.

That was on a Tuesday. I had bought ten shares at 129½. By Wednesday night General Utility had gone up to 134. I had a paper profit of \$45 already. Think of it: that would buy 22½ two-dollar neckties! I was elated. I grabbed the newspapers and whipped them open to the stock page as if there were no such things as torso murders for men of financial vision like J. P. Morgan and myself.

By Thursday noon I had worked myself up to such a pitch that I actually bought a paper on the way to luncheon. It had the 11 o'clock prices in it. Well, well! General Utility was at 138¾! Four points more—that made 20 more neckties this morning! It was almost too much.

All afternoon my excitement continued, though I worked at the office just like ordinary people. That night I bought two papers, and settled down on the train to read the good news leisurely.

"STOCKS BREAK SHARPLY IN BOILING MARKET"—

My eye ran horrified down the sentence. General Utility had dropped to 131. I gasped. The break had come at 11:30. And ever since they had been selling General Utility as though it had the plague.

All that night I tossed on my bed. One half of my mind kept saying, "You poor nut, General Utility is a good investment. Don't worry about a little flurry like this. In fact, you aren't worrying, are you? Didn't you drink too much coffee? What, no coffee? Well, then, it's that cider that's keeping you awake. Less cider another time."

Meanwhile the other side of my mind replied, "You know perfectly well that a big smash is coming. Sell out tomorrow. A boiling market is no place for you, my boy."

Friday morning I sold. As early as I could, to avoid the deluge. Yes, I said, I'd like to have the check for my profit mailed to me. Check! Did they think they were humorists? It was as likely as not to be a bill. With a sigh of relief I shook the dust of brokerdom from my feet.

That night I opened my paper with a new sensation. I was going to read all about the disaster that I had so astutely avoided. I read: "Stocks rallied vigorously today after the slump of yesterday and Steel and General Utility registered substantial gains. There was some nervous liquidation at the outset but—"

Nervous liquidation! That was me.

The next day I got my check. I had made a profit of \$11.88. All that worry for \$11.88! This Wall Street game was a terrible game, able to sweep every necktie away in a boiling market, and leave you with \$11.88. I was through. But then I had an afterthought.

"Here I am," thought I, "retiring from the market with a profit. Few are the men in Wall Street who can say that!" So I retired with proper dignity. I hardly look at the financial pages now.

By the way, what *are* debentures, anyhow?

Americans Are Boys

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (July, '28)

Salvador de Madariaga

AMERICA appears to me as an immense up-to-date nursery fitted with the most wonderful toys imaginable. Who was the Father Christmas who invented the skyscraper? Think of the elevators coming and going behind their brass filigree cages, with all their neat little buttons and lights and arrows red and green. Think of the lovely marble floors, thick carpets, barber shops all resplendent with mirrors and nickled bars and, oh! the marvelous chairs pivoting in all meridians and parallels like telescopes for the barber to observe and operate on your beauty under every possible angle and light.

There is a boy in Detroit who had a capital idea. He made up his mind that every boy and girl in the house—I mean in America—was going to have a magnificent toy: a car that would run for miles and miles without being wound. And this boy has transformed the whole school with his idea.

Boys are naturally given to boasting and exaggeration. The American language differs from English in that it seeks the top of expression while English seeks its lowly valleys. An Englishman would have found seemly and moderate terms for what America calls nowadays "wet" and "dry." But even these uncompromising expressions prove too weak for the American taste, and so we have come to read that Senator A is bone-dry while Governor B is dripping wet. Where an English newspaper would have written, "Preparatory measures are being taken for an April primary by Senator D and his friends," the *Chicago Tribune* announces that, "Senator D and his associates jumped at full stride yesterday into the race to get

ready for an April primary." True the *Chicago Tribune* has to live up to its claim: "The world's greatest newspaper," which is in keeping with the boyish habit for exaggeration. Quantity is the first standard to appear in the scale of human values, and "the greatest in the world" is the most frequent standard of comparison in the greatest nursery in the world.

Pride? Perhaps. But how much simple humility under that juvenile pride! Boys are proud with humble standards, and it is the play of pride and humility which is attractive in them.

They board one another like children, with no social reserve or formality. "My name is John. Do you like to play with me?"—so say children. And they, "My name is Smith. I am much interested in your work . . ." They are direct, frank, and spontaneous, like children. They want to know, not because they seek any advantage, but just because they want to know. There are so many things to know that they make their European uncles come over to spin them yarns, and listen gratefully.

They are hungry and thirsty for information—facts, stories. But they dislike thought. None of your high-brow stuff for fine lads who can enjoy themselves making toys and playing with them. Knowledge, yes. By all means. For knowledge is not only good fun but also useful. But principles and theories are quite another matter. They are dangerous things. God knows where they might lead. That is the way people turn radical, and once boys began to be radicals, the whole nursery would be agog and the Boys divided for good, instead of just for a game of

politics as they are divided now into Republicans and Democrats with not a pin to choose between them.

Splendid Boys! Their imagination is always at boiling point. With the little ones, it takes terrifying forms. They dream of dreadful dangers and bogies—the Catholic Church and the Rising Tide of Color, lurking in the night, ready to devour the whole nursery with a snappy movement of their powerful and sinister jaws. The little ones whisper “Imperial Wizard,” and rise from their cots in long white nightgowns, and chase the dreaded fiends with the magic power of the thrice-repeated letter K.

Happy in their spacious nursery, the Boys hardly ever look through the window. Why should they? A wide street of water separates them from the old house whence their parents came so very long ago. A few venture over the water, but only to waste their money. For the fact is that the old place is decrepit and dissolute. They can't make toys nearly as fast as we do, and they cannot even agree among themselves. See. We are 48 states living in perfect union. Why don't they follow our example? The causes are exactly alike. We are all Americans. They are all foreigners. Surely they might agree if they had any decency.

Do you require further proofs? See the place which woman occupies in American life. The Boys have hoisted her on to a pedestal of admiration. Her power and privileges flow from the position she occupies as an idealized type of humanity. In her youth, the inspirer, in her maturer years, the leader of men. First, the sweetheart of the nation, then her aunt, woman governs America because America is a land of boys who refuse to grow up. As the sweetheart, she keeps the Boys happy and healthy with her affection; as the nation's aunt, she made up her mind that the Boys were not to drink, and the Boys are dry.

Youth is also selfish, and the Boys are selfish enough. Opportunities are large; skill and energy always sure of a reward. But every boy must look out for himself

and “people don't go into business for their health.” Boyish selfishness can be cruel.

But if boys are selfish, they can also be generous. These healthy and energetic boys count the money they get but not the money they give.

These children are children of giants, and there is distinctive promise of growth. Why is architecture the American art par excellence? A mere glance at the arts will provide the answer. Art, I take it (I wish critics would “take” it also) is the conveyance of spirit by means of matter. Now the arts may be classified in a kind of scale or hierarchy according to the weight and density of matter which they require. At the bottom of the scale is architecture. Then come sculpture, painting, poetry, and finally music. Poetry needs ideas and concepts in which a shade of matter still lingers. In music, of the three elements which compose it, timbre still retains a shade of matter; rhythm and numbers are purely spiritual. Architecture, at the other end, is massive and utilitarian. The fact that America excels in architecture shows that we are in the presence of the *beginning* of a hopeful artistic career. Thus, after architecture, the best American art is sculpture, and then painting; while poetry and music come last. The future of American life is, therefore, full of possibilities. The Boys will grow.

Even now there are in America living witnesses of a spiritual power which she has in store. Her highest achievements are not her mighty factories—toys, after all—but the charm of some of her women. A charm which, indefinable as it is, independent of sex and age, is a definite spiritual wealth, a recognizable flower of life. It may be argued that of such women there are only a few. Of course. A woman of charm is as rare as a man of genius. But when a country gives forth a man of genius, she proves her worth for all time. And when a country is sprinkled with women of charm she proves that a life is in her which may yet make the world open its eyes in wonder.

"Golden Rule" Nash

Condensed from Forbes Magazine (June, '28)

Charles W. Wood

WHEN Arthur Nash died six months ago, he had become the head of the largest business of its kind in America, and had done it through deliberately planning to ruin his business. He was, above everything, a religious man who felt that being true to his beliefs was more important than any other kind of success.

It was in 1919, as the head of a little tailoring establishment, that he suddenly found himself the proprietor of a sweatshop which he had been induced to buy. Mr. Nash went into the shop and got the shock of his life. He was appalled at the wretchedness, especially at the sight of an old woman, who bent stiffly over her machine for the munificent wage of \$4 a week.

"First we must raise the pay," he said.

"But the business is not making any profit now," he was told, "and any increase would kill it."

"Any business that can't pay a decent wage shouldn't be a business," he replied. When he took steps toward liquidation, however, he was blocked in court by minority stockholders.

But he was still president, and he went back to the sweatshop, his head in a whirl, wondering what Jesus would do if he were president and general manager of such a dump. He saw the old woman again, laboring over her machine.

"Mother," he said, "I don't know what Christian wages are, but after this your wages will be \$12 a week." Then he went up and down among the 21 employees, tripling the pay of the most poorly paid and doubling that of

all the others. With that he rushed out and retired to an isolated farmhouse "to wait for the business to liquidate itself." He had a nervous breakdown. It was months before he returned to Cincinnati: and he was surprised to find the business still running.

"Yes," said the office manager, "we made a nice profit last month. It was the first month we have shown a profit, but we seem to have turned the corner."

The books showed several times the volume of the old days. Mr. Nash gasped. Only one new employee had been taken on.

"You had barely left the office," he was told, "when Tony there made a strange speech. 'That man call us brudders,' he blurted out, 'and by Chris!' I think he mean it. I work like hell now for him!'"

Nash soon learned that Tony had expressed the sentiments of the whole crowd. Without any prompting, they did all they could, and seemed to enjoy the experience. Business boomed. They moved to an old distillery. Then to a big empty brewery. In seven years, the former sweatshop became the largest wholesale tailoring business in the United States.

As profits increased, Nash felt that the employees were entitled to them, since it was on their initiative that the business had become profitable. His announcement that the profits were to be distributed among the employees, pro rata according to wages, was met by a protest. A signed memorial from the employees to the management said that the dividend *should be distributed entirely*

on the basis of time worked instead of wages drawn, permitting the poorest paid workers to share equally with those who were signing the memorial.

This was a turning point in the career of Arthur Nash. Up to this time he had striven to live the Golden Rule, but now he saw that the Jewish and Italian workers who had signed this document were living it, and felt the human need of it, quite as much as he. The Golden Rule had become the main thing: that work should be done together in love, and that "the Kingdom of God" should become a reality in the factory whether it was a business success or not.

Visitors from everywhere flocked into the factory to study the "system." But they could find no system. All they could find was a lot of workers who got along together surprisingly well, and a boss who loved all his workers so that he found it difficult to get his mind on anything much besides.

But Nash had to get rich. His bankers demanded it of the man who ran such a huge business. Cumulative profits were necessary for financing. Another hard fact got in his way. Employing several thousand persons, he could not know them all personally.

Organized labor alleged that many things were wrong in the Nash factory. Nash refused to get into a controversy about it. He tried, instead, to smuggle agitators into the place on the theory that, if there were anything wrong, these agitators would be sure to make such a noise that he would be able to correct it. But the employees threw the agitators out if they began complaining against Nash. This "subserviency" irritated the labor agitators, and two years ago - the ultra-radical Amalgamated Clothing Workers marshalled their forces to "smash Nash."

Then Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated, received a strange communication: Arthur Nash invited him to bring his colleagues and organize the employees of the A. Nash Company in the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. To understand the resulting situation

one must understand that Hillman is the radical leader who announced that "labor can get ten times more out of industry that it could ever get out of its employers." How were they going to make good?

When Hillman arrived, Nash labored hard with his employees to induce them to join the union. It was an up-hill job, despite his influence, but it was finally done. Now the Amalgamated had somehow to run the factory better than Nash had done it, or register a great failure. They could not fight for higher pay or better conditions, because Nash had given them the right to do what they pleased.

And the Union did make good. Arthur Nash proclaimed that fact in every subsequent address. First, it did not interfere with the Golden Rule. It perceived that this industry was built upon the Golden Rule, and it cherished it. But that was not enough. The Amalgamated knew every trick of production in the clothing industry, and all their energies that might have been used to fight employers were turned to eliminating waste.

Arthur Nash had finally achieved his goal. He had not unionized the Nash shops in order to make them better shops. He had brought the union in so that it might be a better union, and do more than it had been doing for the whole clothing industry. He believed the only way to enjoy peace and prosperity was to *substitute the law of giving for the principle of taking, and friendly human relations for the old system of exploitation.* He hoped the Nash factory might show the union how to apply the Kingdom of Heaven to the making of men's clothes, and he thought the Amalgamated would see his point and work for it.

"We thought we were only plugging up the leaks in the Nash factory," Jack Kroll, one of the Amalgamated leaders told me recently. "It seems now we were doing more. We were learning what to do with other factories, and maybe it'll be up to us yet to stabilize the whole clothing industry."

Travail in Travel

Condensed from The North American Review (July, '28)

Ruth S. Brooks

IT is a proverb, of somewhat doubtful accuracy, to be sure, that whatever Americans do they do with all their might. It is so with traveling. We apply rules of business efficiency to our travel, and we discover in the end that what was undertaken for pleasure has turned out close akin to hard work. We are so afraid we may miss something! If there is anything to see, we want to see it no matter how tired we are or how short the time. There are many forms of gluttony in the world, and the gluttonous sight-seer is just as intemperate as the glutton of food and drink.

We feel that we must visit every church and museum from the North Sea to the Mediterranean, regardless of the time at our disposal. We are blind to the advantages of knowing a few places well, of staying long enough to feel at home in some European town. When I asked one acquaintance if she had seen the Holbein Gallery in Basle she looked blank for a moment, then brightened and said, "It was there and I was there, so I must have seen it."

If only the verb "do" might be stricken from the traveler's lexicon! We "do" the hill towns of Italy, the châteaux of France, the cathedrals of England! Motors have only increased the possibilities of "doing." The result is like taking two exposures on one film—a blur. We so constantly rush from one sight to another as to give the impression of "always wanting to be where we aren't."

While we were lunching one day at the old Inn in Glastonbury, a limousine pulled up and disgorged a family of five. Seated at a table near us, the son, a lad of 12 or 13, said with a groan, "We've

seen every blooming cathedral in England!" "Yes," his mother replied blandly, "and you'll have to see every one in France before the summer is over."

This sort of thing almost convinces one of the advantages of the now old-fashioned mode of traveling by train. You do not attempt so much in 24 hours, since you must submit to the finite limitations of time-tables. Suppose, for example, that you wish to run down to Chartres for the day from Paris. With a motor you reach your destination in the morning, and after you have walked about the cathedral you discover it is almost lunch time. Someone suggests that now that you have seen Chartres, it is really a pity not to take in Rambouillet on the way back, and that possibly, if you had luncheon a bit early, you could "do" Mantes too.

You have seen Chartres, you say! Have you actually caught a spark from her fire? Did you, perhaps, stop at a little inn, where the peasants were gathering, and have a bowl of *café au lait* and a *brioche*? Did you sit awhile in the open air, dazzling bright, waited on by a bashful little maid, listening to the chatter and gesticulations (for one *can* almost hear them) of the market people as they unload their produce from the high, two-wheeled carts; or help some dignified *grand'mère* to alight from her lofty seat? All this while those two so beautiful spires nearby speak of what is in store! And, once inside, did you pause long enough to lose yourself in the jeweled mystery of the windows, so that, literally, you came away breathing a sigh of gratitude and reverence for the miracle of their loveliness and with a

burning admiration for the age which could will such beauty into being?

As travelers we know how to get the things that money will buy, but beyond that we do not go. There is little comprehension of traveling as a fine art—of seeking effects of contrast as you would in any good picture, or, to use the language of the cookbook, of seeking a balanced ration. The great majority of travelers feel that they have only time for the so-called important things, museums, galleries and the like. They have a ghastly sort of over-conscientiousness, deeming it a waste of time to follow any frivolous bent. By frivolous, I mean such wholly nice things as the *pâtisseries*, the antique shops, the markets, the shop windows. How can one picture the life of the people without understanding their surroundings? Antique shops, with their jumble of good and bad, give excellent opportunities for improving one's taste. Try training your eye by this process of selection, so that you can separate at a glance the gold from the dross and learn, at the same time, no end of history and something of its setting. If you are told that a piece of silver is *Louis Quinze*, a bit of tapestry *Louis Quatorze*, a table Jacobean, the chances are that you will acquaint yourself with their approximate dates against further need.

And the cake shops! Nothing can so quickly take away fatigue. No doubt a properly serious person would be horrified at the number of *pâtisseries* which I bear clearly in mind, from the spicy *pan forte* of Siena to the ethereal candied fruits of Avignon, the apricots and plums and small golden melons which must surely be the lineal descendants of the apples of the Hesperides.

It is wise to plan for contrast and change. After a bout of city sight-seeing, of museums and galleries, make a break by settling down in some small town, where you can get close to the people. After Naples and Rome try a few days at Perugia or Siena before you go on to Florence. Don't feel that it is only the great places which have anything to offer. No words are good

enough for the view from the windows of the Pension Sacarro in Siena, down over the terraced vineyards and peach orchards. The whole countryside invites to enchanting walks, proffers unending delights along your path; grape hyacinths in such quantity that they appear to be bits of fallen sky; knots of star of Bethlehem; scillas white and blue, orange calendulas, jonquils and tulips—these latter among the wheat; *tromboni*, the children call them.

One sees the people about their work, washing and gossiping at the very *Fonte Brande* which Dante tells of, or in the market, bargaining over a squirming rabbit, held up by the ears for inspection, or examining a basket of snails, its occupants busily crawling about, heads out and horns up. On a Sunday before Easter, after the blessing of the palms and olive branches in the cathedral, I saw an old peasant woman, down in the vineyard on the slopes below my window, tying a spray of these same olive boughs to each row of vines, to ensure an abundant harvest!

The beauty of such traveling, of tucking in an interesting small place between the great ones, is that you are perfectly fresh and rested to begin again. Florence has all the charms you expected of her, and more. Then after Venice and Milan choose some spot in Switzerland and settle down again. Lugano is perfect for that purpose. Such walks into the high valleys, with snow capped peaks on every side, such armfuls of narcissus, forget-me-nots, heartsease and lily of the valley, all the steep hillsides a-trickle with melting snow, old women toiling up and down with baskets of manure on their backs, to enrich their bits of garden; children climbing home after school; you see life as it is! Even the myriad attractions of Paris and London are shorn of their power to weary one so fortified. To those who say, "But we can't spare the time to settle down here," the answer is, attempt less, have faith in the *next* time, save something for that; leave a nest-egg, as it were, to lure you back again. Try to eliminate the travail in travel!

Looting the Loop

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly (May 12, '28)

Owen P. White

THE spirit of original genius and mighty enterprise flutters constantly above the great city of Chicago. For example, merely to create a front yard for its citizens it has started to fill up Lake Michigan; so that they may laugh, and the world laugh at them, Chicagoans have chosen Big Bill Thompson as their mayor, and now, in order that no good gunman may be deprived of his livelihood, Chicago has invented the "Racket" game.

I went into the office of a very prominent business man and said, "Tell me something about the Racket Game."

For answer he pulled open a desk drawer, extracted therefrom a beautifully constructed but, thank goodness, previously denatured infernal machine and handed it to me. "That's the gist of it," he said. "Chicago has a bomb government."

Just how many Rackets, large and small, are now being operated in Chicago is not definitely known. It is, however, probably safe to say that there are 50 major and 150 minor ones, and as the activities of the Racketeer are applicable to every form of business, no enterprising crook need despair.

As an illustration of the easy road to success we will take the case of Funnyface McGinty. To begin with, just to show his intelligence, Funnyface contributed \$7000 to Big Bill Thompson's campaign fund. It would seem, from this splendid contribution, that Mr. McGinty is a man worthy of the attention of the administration. But he isn't. In fact the administration never sees him at all or takes note of his antics. Shortly after election, as a typical Racketeer, he organized a garage owners' association.

Because of its beautiful simplicity the Racket was bound to succeed. It worked two ways. Accompanied by two or three hard-looking associates, McGinty made the round of the garages and gently intimidated to the owners that they had better sign up for memberships at \$250 per and dues at so much a month.

Naturally an owner would reply, "What do I get out of it?" With equal naturalness Mr. McGinty would reply, "Why, say bo, we plan to fix it so that there can't no guy leave his car parked on the street within eight blocks of this dump and then go back and recognize it."

"Uh-huh, I see. And if I don't join, what then?"

"Wait a while and find out," Funnyface would answer, and thereafter this is what happened: Mr. McGinty made good his threat in regard to the uncertainty of leaving a car parked on a Chicago street. His industrious boys cut tires, smashed windshields and stole spares until automobile owners began to see the wisdom of patronizing the nearest garage. They did that, and the garage filled up, but, *unless the garage owner had signed up, the cars were no safer indoors than on the street.* Inside an association garage a car was safe, but in any other garage it wasn't.

The gang, jocularly known as the "educational committee," would simply enter an independent garage in force, indulge in an orgy of glass smashing and rubber slicing and leave the owner to settle with his patrons. After this, even though not a crook himself, he would go to see McGinty, kick in with the two-fifty initiation and sign up for

the payment of the monthly dues. If you don't believe this, go to Chicago and try to open a garage.

As a trivial item in connection with the garage owner's Racket, two or three men are said to have been bumped off, but what of that? In Chicago a mere killing is fourth-page stuff.

Then there was the man whom we will call Charlie Eisensteiner who for many years had a reputation as an accomplished gunman, but nothing more. Today admiring friends claim that Charlie is worth a million, has an income of \$100,000 a year and wears a bullet-proof vest.

How did he get that way? He began by "organizing" the fish dealers in Chicago's ghetto, where 75,000 Jews live, and telling them they had to raise prices. The arguments advanced were about one inch in diameter, eight inches long and sufficiently forceful to scatter the fixtures, stock in trade, and even the person of any recalcitrant dealer. After seven or eight of these arguments had exploded, the remaining fish dealers saw the light, signed up, and began to pay Charlie handsome tribute. This initial success was naturally pleasing to the young man, and he immediately branched out.

Using the same arguments, he went into the wholesale fish business, the meat business, the candy business and at last into baking. He divided the West Side into squares like a checkerboard, assigned districts to his lieutenants, and from a central office he dictated everything. Today, as a result, the Jews in Chicago's ghetto pay from 15 to 20 percent more for all the necessities of life than do any other class of people in town, while Mr. Eisensteiner, the philanthropist who has brought about this happy condition among his own people, is a chronic first-nighter at all theatrical and operatic productions and a lavish patron of fancy night clubs and cabarets.

In the course of his organizing Mr. Eisensteiner has been four times indicted and tried. It is, however, as useless to indict the man as it is to shoot

him. His own lieutenants, desirous of more gravy than he has been doling out to them, have tried the latter method of elimination several times but without constructive result. Their bullets always flatten out harmlessly against the steel underwear worn by the chief, and so likewise do the indictments of the great state of Illinois. No man can be found among his many accusers who dares to stand up and state those truths which would send him to the penitentiary. Located on the West Side are two Jewish newspapers both of which are said to have in their possession reams of evidence that would send Charlie and his assistants over the road. They refrain from printing the facts, however, and when they are asked about them the men in the front offices look fearfully around and whisper, "Bombs!"

And now, having used McGinty and Eisensteiner as introductory illustrations typical of the technic of the Racketeers, we will go on with the tale.

There are probably 50 major Rackets being operated in town. Nor are the Racketeers afraid to tackle really "Big Business." Some time ago a brilliant cook conceived a happy thought. "Chicago's three big milk distributors," he said to himself, "must form an association."

Such an idea is monopolistic and contrary to public policy, and had of course not been considered by the three big concerns themselves, but the Racketeer worked it out very simply. By starting a few fake strikes, overturning a lot of milk wagons and beating up a number of drivers, he secured the cooperation of the Milk Wagon Drivers' Union. The rest was easy. The drivers' union operates in close harmony with the Flat Janitor's Union, and together they soon controlled the situation to such an extent that they forced the big distributors to form an association. The Racketeer chuckled with delight. Through the unions he now controlled the milk supply, had a monopoly, and used it as monopolies always are used.

Chicago's Racketeers have also invaded the professions. Dental labora-

tories were told to organize. Now, it is difficult to see just why the makers of false teeth should belong to an association. But it occurred to the Racketeer that by *breaking the hands of a few dental mechanics* and holding these few manual cripples up as examples to their fellow workers he could force blackmail from all of them, and he proceeded to do exactly that. The scheme worked because the employees in the laboratories, fearful that they might suffer individually—and they would have done so—forced the owners into an association whose members pay monthly tribute to the Racketeer at the head of it.

Finally the same scheme was worked on the members of the medical profession. As their particular victims the Racketeers picked out doctors who it was known would make night visits. Several thousand of these unsuspecting men were carefully listed; appropriate initiation fees, with monthly dues, were fixed for them, and they were approached with the suggestion that they become members of an "association." The stated purpose of this association was to collect the doctor's bills for him, but its real one was to collect from him. A large number of Chicago's doctors signed up. Why? Because after a few of them had answered fake calls at night, and had been met by the "educational committee" and worked over with short pieces of gas pipe, the others could see the advantage of owning a membership.

Thus the Racket game has intruded itself into nearly every phase of life in Chicago. The window cleaners, the machinery-moving contractors, the paper-stock companies, the teamsters, the cleaners and dyers, the laundry owners, the candy jobbers, certain chains of drug stores, certain builders, some photographers, many florists, the bootblacks (who, to lend attractiveness to their little Racket, broke 40 plate-glass windows in a six weeks' campaign), hundreds of restaurants, practically all the shoe repairers, and even the men who make and hang window shades, are all known to be paying tribute to the Racketeers.

The Chicagoan, though he may not know it, buys his milk, his meat and his groceries from stores which exist at the sufferance of the Racketeers and at prices fixed by the Racketeers.

In one of Chicago's most prominent clubs I met one of the poor old town's business men, and propounded my question in regard to Chicago's new municipal sport, the Racket game. The gentleman nearly exploded. When he could calm himself, however, he said: "Right beside the kitchen door at my home there stands a baseball bat which, after much prayer, I have dedicated to the extermination of the next Racketeer who invades my premises."

This gentleman related his story, with much feeling: A few days before, his home had been visited by two men who were organizing two Rackets: A Butler's Racket and a Housemaid's Racket. On their visit they left membership cards for the servants to sign, and on the following day returned to see if their orders had been carried out. They had not, and so the men came back a third time.

The following day, at his office, the husband received a hurry call, made over a neighbor's phone, telling him to come home at once as his wife was being molested. He rushed home and found that the Racketeers had called his wife and informed her that unless she forced her maids and butler to join the "association" she would be reported to the American Federation of Labor and put on the black list. As a coercive measure they also told her that until she saw fit to comply with their demands she would be unable to use her telephone, as they had already arranged with a few of their otherwise unemployed assistants to favor her with 50 or 60 calls a day.

Now, what are the good citizens of Chicago going to do with their problem?

In Chicago the judges have little, if any, control over the criminal situation. The methods of procedure and the manner of empaneling the juries all favor the gunman, the murderer and the Racketeer. As an illustration of this,

directly in connection with the Racket game, Chicago is said to have sustained a loss of half a million dollars in one year through the smashing of plate glass. The insurance companies have raised rates till they are practically prohibitive and now they are threatening to cancel all policies in the city.

The man responsible for a very large percentage of this damage, a valued aid, of course, to the Racketeers, was arrested for practicing his art in March, 1923, and immediately released on bail. The interruption to his activities was very slight. He went calmly on heaving bricks and an occasional bomb, and finally, two years and nine months after his arrest, all evidence against him having in the meantime mysteriously disappeared from the police department, he was tried and promptly acquitted.

Then too, according to information furnished me by a police reporter who has been mirthfully following the Racketeers for two years, there are quite a few judges in Chicago who are so solicitous of the welfare of the Racket boys that they sleep with telephones at their bedsides. These phones ring in the night, and, no matter how cold or inclement the weather, the judges harken to their masters' voice, respond to the call of duty and hasten down to accept bail for some worthy fellow who has been caught pitching a bomb into a fish store. The reason why judges do this, if you will stop to think of it, is very plain. The arrested lads do not have to appear at the morning "line up." If they did, most of these men in the employ of the Racketeers, would be instantly identified as badly wanted murderers and hold-up men.

In the meanwhile, however, as the weeks, months and even years go drifting merrily by, the Racketeer is the one man in Chicago who doesn't worry. He doesn't have to. For his example he sees Big Bill, as the master mind back of the great Americanization Racket, as-

sessing every policeman \$10 for membership, and he takes his tip. In proportion to his ambition, or his immediate needs, the Chicago Racketeer emulates His Honor, Mr. Thompson. If he wants a quick turnover, he gets up a dinner party. This is a lovely little Racket, largely indulged in, and works as follows:

Dickey the Dope, for example, needs a few thousand berries and needs 'em bad. He picks up the paper, sees that Patrolman Flannigan has been boosted up to the grade of sergeant, and that's enough. He ambles over into the Flannigan district, arranges with some hotel or restaurant keeper, whose banquet capacity is strictly limited to a couple of hundred, to serve a dinner in honor of the newly created sergeant, and then out he goes and sells 2500 tickets. Those who are invited to attend the function *must* attend. No, that is a mistake. It doesn't matter whether they attend or not, but they *must* buy tickets. They really *must*, they know they must, and they do.

One small retail merchant in Chicago is said to have a collection of 83 dinner tickets which cost him an average of \$6 apiece. He has never been able to so much as check his hat inside the banquet hall at any one of these Racketeered parties, but neither has he ever been able to refuse to buy a ticket. He says that the purchase of each one represents an investment in health. He is right about that. It is cheaper for him to pay for dinner tickets, and eat at home, than it would be for his widow to pay for flowers and a casket for him.

And even then, if she interred him in Chicago, it would probably be done in accordance with the price scale set by the Hearse Drivers' Racketeer, the Florists' Racketeer and the Undertaking Racketeer. From the cradle to the grave, life, out in Chicago, is just one blamed Racket after another.



Our Changing Sports Page

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine (July, '28)

W. O. McGeehan

IN something less than a quarter-century the sports department of an American newspaper has developed from a column of type to four or five pages daily, with a special section on Sundays. There certainly has been a change in the national attitude toward sport.

The charge has been made that the interest in sport has been stimulated artificially by the newspapers. But I hold the newspapers entirely guiltless. They get no revenue from sports, for this branch of news brings little or no advertising. In expanding the sport pages, the newspapers have merely responded to readers' demands.

Six years ago the New York dailies limited sports to two pages. At that time I was sports editor of the *Herald*. One day there were two crucial baseball series, a championship prize-fight, some important golf and tennis, a big day at the race-track, and other events.

"Two pages isn't enough," I told the managing editor; and he decided to make it three.

So the *Herald* led in this innovation—the same *Herald* which, under the elder Bennett, chronicled the opening of a race-meet thus: "There will be horse-racing at Sheepshead Bay today, and the same crowds of blacklegs and gamblers that frequent such places may be expected out in full force."

I can remember when a man addicted to the strange game of golf would slink behind a tree when the derisive passers-by would pass in buggies. Today there are three million golfers in the United States. Gentlemen with large investments in baseball-parks show considerable alarm and indignation at the

encroachments of the game. A thought that will increase their alarm is that close to half a million boys who might otherwise have been playing baseball—and to be a baseball fan one must have played the game somewhat—are caddying, which probably means a decrease in baseball fans and an increase in golfers in the next generation. As yet, however, there has been no decrease in baseball crowds, and the increasing number of golfers may only indicate an increasing interest in sports all along the line.

Intercollegiate football is younger than baseball, and the "college-boy" athlete was looked upon with utter contempt by the rugged followers of baseball when the game started as an impromptu contest between Princeton and Rutgers. The football-player with his "chrysanthemum" hair-cut was an object of derision till it finally dawned upon the sports-follower that football was far from a gentle sport. Then he began to regard the college boys as queer persons indulging in disorganized assault and mayhem.

The change in view-point has been swift. Intercollegiate football in a season of ten games now draws more spectators than the national pastime in its season. Last year the Army-Navy game drew the second largest number of paid admissions for any sporting event. It is my firm conviction that if the enclosure had been big enough, a crowd twice or three times as large could have been drawn. The Yale Bowl, the most commodious football field in the country, barely can accommodate a fifth of those who would like to see a Yale-Harvard game.

Not long ago prize-fights had to be held in comparative secret. Now 170,000 men and women spend about \$3,000,000 to see one championship struggle. The interest has always been there, but it has taken the advent of Mr. Tex Rickard to remove the inhibitions and make it not only respectable but the "smart thing" to see a prize-fight. He knew that the "sport followers" of today were not even slightly changed from the crowds at the Roman arena. Mr. Rickard has been pointing with pride to ladies whose names are on the social register and who are regular patrons at his bouts, demanding the best of ringside seats.

Not many years ago you would have had to wait for *The Police Gazette* to come out before you got all the details of a big fight. Now—well, I recall the Dempsey-Willard fight in Toledo just after the war and remember marvelling for a few seconds at the sense of news values. Typewriters and telegraphs were ticking. Airplanes outside the arena were tuning up, ready to rush photographs to various parts of the country. I remarked to Mr. Grantland Rice: "There will be about ten thousand times as much written about this as there was about the battle of the Marne."

There was a time when tennis was classed as a "sissy's game." Now even a prize-fighter in training can play it without the slightest suspicion that he is effeminate. The development in the interest in women's tennis is marked. Last year, when the match between Mlle. Lenglen and Miss Wills at Wimbledon seemed assured, there was as much interest in this country and in France as there was in the fight between Dempsey and Carpentier. The great tennis players have made the general public intimately acquainted with one of the most beautiful of all games.

The change in women in sports is most startling. Consider first the costume and style of the pre-May Sutton Bundy women tennis-players and compare them with the Willses, the Mallorys, and the Lenglens. Certainly you will find a new type of woman athlete.

Perhaps the most striking figure of the new woman in athletics is that of Gertrude Ederle, who swam the English Channel in faster time than any of the men who swam it before her. She startled and puzzled France from the moment she entered the country.

When the French customs officers arrived to look over her baggage they found her holding a medicine-ball under her arm. This puzzled them particularly. She could not explain its use to them and it was her custom to toss it about while training. To illustrate, she tossed it playfully at one of them, and both fled, making remarks about mad Americans.

And yet it has been only a matter of 12 years since women really began to swim. They could not swim in the old-fashioned bathing-suits with long skirts and water-logged stockings. When Gertrude Ederle swam the Channel she wore a pair of tights, a brassière—and a coating of grease.

I do not regard Gertrude Ederle as a super-athlete, for the same Women's Swimming Club, with its little tank where she was developed into this magnificent athlete, is developing many more like her. They are planning now to send out a 15-year-old girl in an attempt to break all records for the Channel swim.

The athletic girl once was regarded as unmaidenly, or a freak. Now she is not merely accepted, but is taken for granted, the highest tribute which could be paid to her accomplishment. The time will come, I believe, when the non-athletic girl will be regarded as the unusual.

The nation has the time and the money for indulgence in sport, and labor-saving machinery has given us more free energy. This energy finds its outlet in joyous sports.

The nation's attitude has changed, because it has been given time to consider the various sports. And the people, approaching them and viewing them in a happy frame of mind, find that some of the sports are better than others but that all of them are good.

Why Doesn't Ford Quit?

Condensed from the American Magazine (July, '28)

An Interview by William S. Dutton

"UP to the age of 40," Ford told me, "a man is in training—every man is. He is assembling the tools with which to work."

"You say I am already successful. I am not, except as an assembler of tools. The failure is that man who, with his tools at hand, locks them away and stops work. This business is a tool. If it is the largest tool of its kind, it should do the greatest work."

That was Ford's answer to the question, "Why doesn't Ford quit?"—at the age of 65 when countless men do quit.

Ford does not consider that he has built a fortune. He refuses, in spite of public insistence, even to regard himself as a rich man. The simple fact is that he doesn't think in terms of money any more than he thinks in terms of coal. His coal pile and his money pile are in the same category; raw materials of industry. To use his own term, with help he has built a "machine"—a gigantic machine designed to convert, to manufacture, to produce.

"To produce what?" I asked.

"Anything!" replied Ford.

"By the same process under which we are producing motor-cars and tractors, we are converting ore into steel, sand into glass, hemp into burlap, cloth into artificial leather, waste paper and rags into binder board, slag into cement, and coal into coke, fertilizer, gas, and horsepower. The process has universal application from buttons to locomotives. The scope of the principle is unlimited."

He added that one of the most important things that the Ford industrial machine was designed to produce is jobs—better jobs, at higher wages and shorter hours.

"Among the things we have learned in building this machine is the fact that what we look upon today as high wages may be low wages ten years hence. Nobody knows how high wages may go, or how cheaply goods eventually will be produced. It may be possible to double wages and halve costs—we don't know. All that we know certainly is that the movement in that direction has only started, and that it will do more to abolish poverty than all the professional charity agencies combined.

"We have found, also, that prosperity is not a product of charity but of industry. Divide the business capital of the country equally among the people, and we would be not one penny richer than we are. On the contrary, shortly we would be in distress.

"Finally, we have learned that 'best' is but a relative term. The 'best' of today is simply an improvement on what preceded it yesterday. Tomorrow we will find an entirely new 'best', a new 'best' process, a new 'best' wage, and for individuals a new 'best' measure of performance. That is why we don't consider very highly what we have done in the past, and why we think so confidently of the future. That is why I say we have only begun to work, and that this business is but a tool."

Of such is the real Ford machine. The cars you see running over the roads no more represent his mechanical masterpieces than eggs do the hen. His masterpiece is not his car, but his factory. And his philosophy of ownership makes him consider himself as only part owner of that machine.

He elaborated on this:

In private business, when a manu-

facturer invests a million dollars in machinery, the first item in reckoning the cost of production is interest upon that million dollars. The sales price of the product must cover interest on the money invested in plant, in machinery, in experiment, in materials.

But no such charge is made by Ford. His money did not come from banks or capitalists. It came from the people who bought his products.

"Suppose you buy a Ford car," explained Mr. Ford. "Your money goes first to meet the costs: to the dealer, the workmen, for materials, for freight and taxes. These are all just charges. After they are paid, what is left of your money is plowed back into the business.

"This money which is left and which goes into the company is not a profit, for the reason that everyone concerned in the manufacture and delivery of the car to you has already taken a profit. What is left, therefore, constitutes a fund, a surplus, which the public has supplied us for expansion or experiment.

"Since this money was supplied to us by the public, why should the public be charged an interest rate on its own money when it buys its next car? On the contrary, we should endeavor to return this money *with* interest! And that is exactly what we endeavor to do. If possible, we want you to pay less for your next car than you did for this one, and at the same time have a better car."

The cost of Ford's recent change of models was probably about \$150,000,000. Not one penny of this was reckoned in the cost of the new car, nor in its selling price. He intends to sell the new car eventually at a lower price than he has ever sold an automobile. As the new car is far more costly to manufacture than the old one, this means that he must discover economies far beyond those of the past. It will be the toughest job of his life.

Additionally, the new car has sturdy competition, cars produced along the same efficient lines in use in the Ford factories, in many instances supervised by former Ford executives. Someone remarked, while I was in Dearborn, that four of Ford's good men had just gone over to a rival factory.

Ford's remark was, "They're good men. They should do well with that company.

"Why not?" he asked when I expressed surprise. "The more efficient men there are scattered through the industry, the better will be the industry; and the automobile industry is big enough to have an effect on the industry of the whole country. You can't grow wheat in bins; you've got to fling it to the winds.

"It is only right that men should progress and rise to better jobs, wherever they are. It is every man's duty to keep moving up as far as his ability will carry him. When one man quits here we can promote others and give just one more man work who needs it. The men who stand still jam the wheels.

"There should be rivalry between men. There should be rivalry between businesses. There is too much work to be done for any one concern to hope to do it all. Besides, there's no fun in a one-man race."

The final reason why Ford doesn't quit, then, is that he refuses to regard himself as a success. "The man who thinks he has done something, hasn't many more things to do," he says. He used this illustration: A man is elected President, after a lifetime of effort. The bands play, the people cheer. But, pointed out Ford, his work is all ahead. After all, he has only won a *chance*!

That is the only success Henry Ford concedes that he has won: he has the tools; he is "free to work." To repeat his own words, he has only won a *chance*!



Business Discovers Bathing Beauty

Condensed from a chapter of *The Great American Band-Wagon*

Charles Merz

(See note inside back cover)

AT 11:30 A.M. "The Beauty Special" rolls into Atlantic City bearing 75 of America's fairest flowers. Guns boom. Whistles blow. The nation's annual bathing beauty contest is beginning. Three Governors are at the railway station. Airplanes circle overhead.

This is the Wednesday following Labor Day. On the following morning, after due deliberation as to whether bare legs or legs in chiffon are more interesting to gentlemen in middle age, the 75 contestants for the title put on one-piece bathing suits and go to the High School where the judging starts. "Cosmetics and other means of enhancing natural good looks count unfavorably," says the Associated Press. The judges consider the merits of each candidate as she parades before the blackboards. "Miss Rochester" goes out. Her teeth are fine, but this is not a contest in teeth. "Miss Portland" drops. She is a very nice young lady but she has square knees. Fifteen girls are left when the morning ends. In the afternoon comes the Boardwalk procession and the number is reduced to five.

The next day, Friday, is the day of days. The five go back to the High School, and are reduced, this time, to two, but the result is kept secret. The judges vote and their ballots are sealed in a golden apple. There follows an anxious afternoon. At eight P.M. the whole cortège reassembles on the Million Dollar Pier. Trumpets blow. The golden apple is broken open. And amid the blare of bands and the cheers of 15,000 people a crown is placed on the blonde head of "Miss West Phila-

delphia," the reigning queen of beauty for another year. The title will make her eligible to earn upwards of \$50,000 for the year in stage salaries and public appearances.

This is the rite of choosing an American queen of bathing beauty as practiced at Atlantic City every summer, and one need not be a spectator to the event to realize that it is becoming a landmark of some importance. Entries come from all parts of the country, from cities large and small. And each choice of a local representative means its own local beauty contest.

On one side there is the voice of protest. The Philadelphia Women's Clubs adopt a resolution declaring that "the demoralizing effect of the Atlantic City Beach Parade is an established fact." The gentlemen who run the contest insist that it is "to develop a higher appreciation of the beautiful in young womanhood." Admittedly the costumes worn are short and clinging, but no shorter or more clinging than those worn in the surf. Admittedly the crowds howl and the girls blush and the barber-shops pick up the pictures. But these girls are beautiful, and deserve their welcome.

So runs the dispute. But if we stop with the dispute we shall miss something significant. For business has made an important discovery.

Business, in fact, has taken the leadership at Atlantic City. The contest begins after Labor Day, which is about the time when summer visitors are going home. Rather than miss this display of innocence many of them stay. In the four days of the carnival the

hundred thousand people who attend spend perhaps four million dollars. The importance of this arithmetic is well understood in Atlantic City. Witness the fact that the contest is held under the auspices of the Atlantic City Chamber of Commerce. Every detail contributes its quota to the resources of the city. Rule No. 7, for example, requires that "each contestant shall stay at the hotel designated for her by the committee." Beauty is parcelled out among the lobbies.

All this is good business. But it is by no means business confined merely to Atlantic City. For example:

The National Hosiery and Underwear Association meets for its annual convention and stages a contest to discover "the ideal American ankle." Committees in 42 cities have been measuring the ankles of 800 girls over a period of weeks. Nineteen girls appear for the finals in New York, and after a parade, Miss Gladys Turner is declared the winner. It is announced that a cast of her ankle will be made by Pompeo Coppino, the sculptor. For a year this cast will serve as a standard model for stocking manufacturers.

Meantime, at Tulsa, the Oil and Gas men choose a "Queen Petrolia." Automobile men at Brooklyn choose a "Queen of Transportation." The health-and-fresh-air press of the nation meets to choose a "Queen of Physical Culture." So real is the progress that the chiropractors select, from 350 candidates at Los Angeles, the one possessing the most beautiful back in the United States. Miss Virginia Parent was declared to have an almost perfect spine. No title was awarded, but the rotogravure sections of the press were filled with almost perfect spines for several weeks. For the press, too, shares in the benefits accruing from this quickened interest.

What we have here is emphasis upon youth, beauty, and the one-piece bathing suit, adapted to the needs of industry. In advertising, the bathing beauty is becoming more and more the handmaid of American industry.

Styles have changed, advertising pages are not what they used to be, and the day is gone when the proper way to announce a new model of a car was to print a diagram of the engine and a bill of particulars as to piston displacement and ignition. The modern way to announce a new model is to print a picture of the car with two bathing beauties climbing into the back seat. The modern way to advertise a set of wicker furniture is not to print a picture of two rockers and a table, but a picture of three bathing beauties caught on the terrace of a sheltered pool, waiting for the butler to serve tea.

This is a new day, and the advertising pages are no longer albums of things to be purchased. They have acquired some of the glamour of the Winter Garden. From the emphasis on chiffon it is difficult to tell, in many instances, whether the young lady who has disrobed for the camera has done so in behalf of stockings, garters, underwear, shoes, the rug she stands on, or the grand piano in the background. Only close examination of the floor beneath the rug may reveal that this is a floor advertisement, not a Follies poster, and that its message is the good news of a wax that will not scuff with wear.

One thing is certain. A new theme is being introduced into the technique of commercial art, and the business of selling has acquired a new method. The advertising pages bloom with bathing girls in the furniture advertisements lounging on luxurious sofas, bathing girls in the cold cream advertisements defying sunburn on the beaches, and bathing girls in the railway advertisements personifying the spirit of promptness, courtesy, and service.

Call this commercialism, if you like. Call it an attempt to appropriate charm for a soap or a sport coupé by associating it with the symmetry of perfect form. But for years critics have bewailed the fact that American utilitarianism is divorced from art. We have turned a corner.

Business has discovered beauty.

Growing Our Own Rubber

Condensed from The Scientific American (July, '28)

D. T. MacDougal

COMPANIONS of Cortez told, on their return to Spain, of a game of tennis popular among the people of southern Mexico. It was said that "Their balls are made of the juice of a vine that climbs over the trees. They cook the juice of these plants until it hardens, after which one shapes the mass as he pleases. These balls are so elastic that when they touch the ground, even though lightly thrown, they spring into the air with the most incredible leaps."

This, with other information as to water-proofing fiber, constitutes the earliest knowledge of the use of rubber. Not until the last half of the 19th century did it begin to be employed for raincoats, shoes, hose-pipes, and other articles. No extended demand, however, was made for it until inflammable gasoline, coming as a by-product of oil-refining, was squirted into smoothly bored steel cylinders and ignited rhythmically and the internal combustion engine was born. Horses were unhooked from hundreds of thousands of vehicles, gasoline engines were hidden under the drivers' seats and the commonplace world quickened its pace from five to 25 miles per hour. This increased speed called for the cushioning against jolts and jars to the human anatomy. Cores or rings of air enclosed in circular rubber tubes were attached to the rims of wheels to mitigate bumps and abolish noise: The epoch of rubber was initiated.

So common has the pneumatic tube become that the number kept inflated in the United States is as great as the pairs of shoes worn by the populace; the count of horse-shoes could be in-

cluded without disturbing the equation. This implies about six pounds of rubber for every person in America, and the total American consumption requires 66 per cent of the world's production. With this material assuming such importance in daily life that it ranks below only steel, sugar, textiles and wood, problems arise which are not to be solved by statistics of production and population. Yet, despite America's need for rubber, there is no area in the United States where rubber trees can be profitably grown.

The main supply of rubber comes from hevea trees of the tropics. Thousands of other species, hundreds of which are native to North America, show some caoutchouc or rubber in their milky juices, and might be drawn upon profitably if the price of raw rubber rose to ten dollars a pound. But any attempt to produce rubber at such a cost would be justifiable only in a grave national emergency. The only rubber of real importance is that which uses land more profitably than it is being used at present, and brings a fair compensation to grower and manufacturer.

The first successful attempt to grow rubber in the United States on a self-sustaining basis without government subsidy is the project of the Intercontinental Rubber Company. This company has been engaged in the extraction of gum from dried shrubs of the guayule plant collected chiefly from its extensive holdings in northern Mexico for 22 years. The guayule is second only to hevea in contributing to the world's supply of rubber. When the wild plants which were being used began to

show signs of dwindling in quantity, experimentation was undertaken to bring the wild plant into cultivation. Fourteen years of experimentation and work have given the company small lots of seeds of less than a dozen varieties of the shrub which show a higher percentage of rubber than the wild plants, and some pretty definite knowledge of a practicable method of growing crops of the improved varieties.

The domestication of a wild plant within so brief a period, so that it may be grown as a field crop, is without parallel in the history of agriculture. That the best possible procedure in all phases of the industry has been found is highly improbable; for comparative example, we are still improving the yield and methods of milling wheat after having this plant under cultivation for five to ten thousand years.

The essential feature of a field crop is that its seeds should be made to germinate so nearly simultaneously, and the plantlets to grow so uniformly, that millions may mature their grain, fiber or other products at the same time. If some heads of wheat in a field ripened in June, others in July, and others stayed "in the milk" until August the difficulties of the farmer would be much greater than those of which he now complains.

The production of a crop of guayule on the plantation in California where it is now being done involves the following program: Seeds from desirable varieties having been gathered by specially devised harvesting machines from standing shrubs, which are not injured by the process, they are subjected to a special treatment so that 98 out of every 100 germinate. This is literally first aid, since in nature many of the seeds may not sprout for weeks. This would result in a lot of plants of widely different ages and development.

Every one of the young plants is to be regarded as a factory unit driven by its own solar engine which in three or four years will build up its own roots, shoots and leaves until it attains an average weight when dried of one and three quarters pounds, of which 12 to

14 percent may be pure rubber. The seeds are first sown in a nursery, and are handled but twice on their way from the seed-beds to the fields. The remainder of the transplanting process is mechanized. Such a procedure is in accord with the principle now coming into recognition: the greatest production per acre with the least expenditure of man power. In producing tree rubber in the Far East the work of one man for a year results in the production of 1600 pounds of rubber. One man on a guayule plantation produces 25,000 pounds of rubber a year.

The planted fields of guayule must be kept free from weeds for the three or four years during which a profitable increase in size goes on. After the fourth year the crop can be left standing for as long as four years longer, though the content of rubber does not increase greatly. This is a valuable quality for the cultivator in that, if the market is overcrowded when his crop comes to maturity, he can defer the harvesting till it is needed. In this respect guayule cultivation resembles a forestry project of short cycle.

The next step in the domestication of guayule will doubtless be the discrimination among varieties to find the ones most suitable for the coldest regions and for the least water supply. What pattern may be made by guayule on the map in the next half century can not be foretold.

This addition to the agricultural products of temperate America is not to be regarded as a means of putting the tree plantations of the Far East out of business. But already the expansion of the industry in Malaya is being checked by lack of man power, and with the steadily increasing demand for rubber it may soon be that countries other than the United States will require the entire tropical crop. In such a case it is of interest to know that 40,000 farmers and mechanics could produce enough guayule to meet the needs of the United States during the next 10 or 15 years.

Regnat Juventus

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (July, '28)

Allan Hoben

NOW that a revolution, rather unique in history, has taken place before our eyes and has brought all persons over 40 under a new set of masters, it is only natural to offer some explanation of how we, the oldsters, came to be dethroned. We have been humbled, our pride and power broken; and some of the causes of our downfall can be perceived despite our advanced age of twoscore years or more.

Possibly the first big mistake that our generation of men made was to discard whiskers. We committed social suicide with the razor. Consider the flowing beard as the breastworks of authority. How often it concealed the weakness or mobility of the face, gave poise and distinction. A child could not have a beard, neither could a woman. Not even a suffragette could have a luxuriant one. Every utterance emerging from a beard had oracular worth, mystery, and an Olympian quality making for command. The naked face was the beginning of dishonor. The ancients knew better, Dowie knew better, the late King Ben knew better, and the Bible, too, is against it. Why should a man make himself appear childish and effeminate and hope to maintain status?

But this was only the beginning of exposure, for, while it weakened the first line of defense by shearing down the men, there were still the women, who might have saved the day had not they too been betrayed by exposure. And who was it that challenged the older women to this unequal contest in pulchritude but the young and comely? When skirts started to recede from the earth, all of the older women

were bound to lose social standing. They took up the gauge of battle with the young, not realizing how merciful the civilized convention of clothes is, and how much it has to do with preserving respect after a certain age. Obviously many women are too old or too different from the Greek anatomical models to qualify for the annual event at Atlantic City. But they did compete everywhere, and the public, rating them by stock-judging methods rather than by distinctly human values, gave all the blue ribbons to Youth.

Every sober explanation of social trends must, in these days, include the World War as a major cause. That the post-war psychology added to adult humiliation seems reasonably clear. Whether justly or not, the young people, particularly in the colleges, were persuaded that all statesmen dealing with the crisis of 1914 were stupid and depraved. It was not reluctantly that they came to believe that any sophomore could have done better than Earl Grey and that, irrespective of study and experience, Youth somehow had higher morals and better judgment than the men who steered our Western civilization into disaster. All adults came under indictment. The fact of having been born 40 years ago was a patent disgrace. Besides this, and more important, was the current conviction of Youth that a great deal of lying had been done by their elders. In a word, Youth came to the conclusion that adults were not fit to run things.

Add to our cup of sorrow the collapse of hero worship, the fall of adult nobility of the past, accomplished by modern biographers sniffing the trail of mental

complexes of sex, superiority, inferiority, until they have the "great" at bay and bring them down. The illustrious who had been our symbols for the control of Youth are no more; the idols have fallen; the taboos, pomp, and circumstance that supported the prestige of adults have been swept away.

From this assault of the psychological biographers we might have fled for sanctuary to the modern church, had not certain ministers already made the discovery that Youth must lead Youth in things of the spirit. Could they not organize, talk, pray, testify, and sing according to their own genius? What mattered the small item of seven years of collegiate and seminary training, the seasoning of long service, or the sacrament of the cure of souls?

Youth performed with a vengeance; ran meetings in serio-comic style, held mammoth conventions, "peppy" rallies with yells and contests, slang and slogans. They had their own extempore brand of meeting and began to leave the decorum of public worship to their elders. From that time the family pew was for father and mother only. The young people took up their own interpretation and uses of religion.

Gradually, and while all this was taking place, the delicate instrument of speech which serves subtly to define and preserve social order played us a mean trick. In our directness, haste, and love of equality, we had never been strict in protecting or adorning the termini of our remarks. These symbols of English aristocracy and French nicety had never been maintained on this soil without effort and early training. Manners from below seeped upward. We made it snappy: "Yes, sir" gave place to "Yep" or "Sure"; "Good morning" became "H'lo," and all the little courtesies of language so rewarding to seniors everywhere and so productive of morale became Victorian. "Applesauce" and "So's yer old man" were the victorious banners of militant Youth. We fled.

Furthermore, not only men of letters, who now begin with the woes and failures

of married persons of middle life, but entertainers, fun makers, movie lords, columnists, cartoonists, and dramatists joined in the sport of baiting Age. They gave color, din, and romantic zest to the rout. Then came the big contingent of business based on salesmanship. "Pep" was the cardinal virtue and pep was found in Youth. Vivid suggestion, not reflective judgment, sold the public to its utmost limit, including next year's salary. Thrills beat logic all hollow. Exit the aged.

Youth also put on an equality with us as lawbreakers, adding the thrill of danger and naughtiness in youthful adventure. Prosperity worked against us, for it telescoped the normal rate of acquiring comforts and luxuries and gave Youth everything without the prolonged effort and discipline of former times. Science, of which they learned more in high school than we did in college, banished nature lore, including the stork, and gave them automobiles, radios, and airplanes which they could handle better than we.

Socially they conspired to put through whatever program they desired. Parents did not organize; hence they fell one by one under the combined demand for later hours, more money, more cars, more country-club affairs, and, being ambitious for the social rating of their offspring, they succumbed to the knock-down argument of "So-and-so does it."

For these reasons we, like the conquered everywhere, pay the bills and indulge the speculation as to whether our present rulers will in turn be overthrown. How will it fare with them when their children have taken to the air, when American football teams and fans by the thousand fly to Paris or Rome for week-end games, when jazz has been perfected into the exclusive use of the erotic tom-tom, when dancing has become completely stationary, and when full dress has become nothing more than a loin cloth? Then perhaps our present rulers will join us under the juniper tree and swell the dirge which runs, "Now when I was young . . ."

Airships Versus Airplanes

Condensed from the North American Review (July, '28)

Arthur R. Blessing

AIRCRAFT seem destined to play the leading rôle among modes of conveyance of the future. Trans-oceanic travel in particular will be revolutionized, and even now one American shipping firm, with the competition of swift airships in view, is about to establish a fleet of liners designed to cross the Atlantic in four days. The great question at this stage is whether aircraft development will be along the lines of airplanes or of airships. In the end, the traveling public will answer that question, for the crux of the whole matter is the "paying load."

The airplane's greater speed is of course recognized—nothing can rival that. However, there are other qualifications to be considered; such things as safety, comfort, costs of maintenance, and general efficiency.

As a piece of mechanism, an airplane is little more than a very high powered automobile with extended mudguards which provide a lifting surface. Obviously tremendous power is required to lift the airplane and maintain its suspension in air. Experienced aviators say that considerably over 50 percent of an airplane's power is used merely to keep the machine in air. The modern planes used in the London-Paris route require 60 horsepower a passenger at full load. On the other hand, the new British airship, *R-100*, scheduled to fly to the United States during 1928, requires 42 horsepower per passenger. This comparison would seem to bear out the contention that there is considerable power wasted in airplanes that is saved in airships.

In long flights, the weight of gasoline is most important. In Colonel Lind-

bergh's flight, approximately half of the gross weight at the start consisted of the gasoline supply. Moreover it has been found that as the size of an airplane increases, its relative efficiency decreases. Thus the high engine speeds required in an airplane tend to defeat possible economies of operation.

Returning to the point of view of the passenger, what a man is apt to think of first when preparing to "hop off" is safety. Human beings are land animals and do not naturally take to the air. If the average man is to be persuaded to book passage by air, he must be transported with a minimum of unfavorable reaction. This deep psychological drawback airplanes as yet have been unable to overcome. The knowledge that an incapacitated pilot or a stalled motor might mean death, and the deafening engine noise do not add to the passenger's peace of mind. At a meeting of the Royal Aeronautical Society in London a recent speaker said that he felt definitely that the big three-engined planes of the Imperial Airways, Ltd., offered less comfort, because of the noise and vibration, than an old Ford.

The airship is the only true ship of the air. Just as an ocean liner floats on the water, an airship floats in its own medium—the air, and moves so steadily that there is not even a suggestion of seasickness. The absence of noise and the smoothness of operation almost equals the fabled magic carpet. The traveling public has been educated by the agencies which serve it to expect a maximum of ease and comfort, and even aircraft will have to compete on the basis of comfort first and speed second.

Heavy winds will have to be carefully

watched and studied if air travel is to become popular. The official Court of Inquiry which studied the destruction of the *Shenandoah* concluded that with better knowledge of the weather the disaster probably could have been avoided. The year before her destruction the *Shenandoah*, torn from her mooring mast in a 70-mile blow, fought the elements for nine hours though partially disabled, and made her way back to her hangar against the storm. The British airship, the *R-33*, broke away in a heavy gale but returned safely after fighting it over the North Sea for about 30 hours. This shows the ability of airships to ride out gales.

In dealing with motor troubles, the airship has a tremendous advantage over airplanes. Any or all of the airship's motors may be stopped and repaired and the craft will float until its propulsive power is again available. If airplane motors stall, seconds count.

As yet, the initial cost of a large rigid airship is very great in comparison with that of the average size passenger airplane. However, research and quantity production promise much in the reduction of costs. Lately, for instance, a substitute for goldbeaters' skin has been developed. In order to retain the diffusible gas in the airship's bulkheads goldbeaters' skin, a material made from the intestines of cattle, has had to be used. Recently, however, the United States Board of Standards has produced a new fabric lighter than goldbeaters' skin, of lower permeability, and at less than half the cost of the skin.

The worst single enemy of airships in the past has been the use of hydrogen lifting gas, which is highly inflammable. However, the use of helium gas has banished the fear of explosion or fire, as helium is entirely non-inflammable. The United States is most fortunate in possessing the only known source of helium that can be produced in any quantity.

Inasmuch as the "paying load" is so important to commercial success, it is well to look at loads carried by air-

ships. The British *R-100* will carry 100 persons, with nearly all the amenities of life one finds on a modern steamship, and ten tons of freight at a cruising speed of 75 miles an hour. Germany likewise is rushing to completion an airship, *LZ-127*, half as large again as the *Los Angeles*, with a "paying load" of 16 tons. Moreover, the recent feat of the *Los Angeles* in landing at sea on the deck of the airplane carrier *Saratoga* is significant. If refueling at sea can be done, less heavy gasoline need be carried, and the "paying load" can be increased. Most promising of all, the Germans are perfecting a fuel gas for airships that has shown remarkable results in the latest tests. This gas weighs the same as air, so that, as it is used up, air displaces it with no change of the total weight. By this means the German *LZ-127* will be able to save about 30 extra tons for freight. This important weight-saving scheme cannot be applied to airplanes as now constructed.

A distinctive advantage of airship navigation is its ability to descend to low altitude and greatly slacken speed without danger of stalling or making a forced landing. In the North Pole flights of 1926, Commander Byrd flew his airplane at an altitude of 3000 feet, and after circling, returned to his base at Spitzbergen. Amundsen in his airship flew at an altitude of about 700 feet, and cruised around the vicinity for nearly two hours. The scientific advantage of the airship is obvious.

Most persons naturally wonder why airship development seems so far behind. It is another case of *C'est la guerre*. At the beginning of the war, airship transportation was considerably more advanced than was the airplane. But military needs demanded speed and quick manœuvrability, and all the research went into airplane design. It is estimated that 95 percent of all money spent to date on aviation has gone into airplanes. The airship, as yet, has never had a fair chance. There is much hope, however, that it will soon come into its own.

Russia—The Travesty Republic

Condensed from Vanity Fair (July, '28)

General P. N. Krassnoff

IN its program of systematic abolition of established institutions, Bolshevism first attacked religion as a paralyzing force in the state. Many old churches were destroyed, others were closed or converted into clubs and dance halls. The policy has been to obliterate every possible religious symbol and to deride the Christian service. The Soviet government prints a paper, *The Atheist*, which attacks every religious creed, but above all the belief in Jesus Christ.

In Czarist Russia marriage was not recognized as valid unless sanctioned by the church. Divorce was difficult. The family was a powerful institution, upheld by church and state. The church marriage has now been abolished, and the civil marriage simplified to the last degree. The contracting parties simply present themselves to the nearest police officer, declare their wish to be married, and thereafter are husband and wife. Divorce may be obtained as easily—the very next day, if desired. Some are married three and four times a year. Children are often born after their father has legally vanished. Obviously the burden falls upon the woman: she has fewer protections than a Stone Age mother. As a substitute for the family, the Soviet has organized special houses for homeless children. Hordes of such children are roaming over the Republic, homeless and ignorant of their parentage. They survive by begging and by robbery, they flock together and extort what they can from passers-by. But the Soviet is not alarmed. "I see no danger in these children," said a high official, "they will all be dead before they are adults." And the mortality is indeed tremendous.

In its rearing of children the Soviet is shrewd and merciless. Very small children are organized into "Pioneers." These units are systematically taught atheism, rejection of parental authority, and belief in the principles of communism. Between the ages of 10 and 18 the children are drafted into the Young People's Communist Federations, with their own clubs, papers, and gatherings. This advanced social training has an uncommonly maturing effect. For a time the children's mental activity is remarkable; within the bounds that the Soviet has trained them they are ready with cynical reactions to everything. But quite early they become abnormally tired in body and spirit. To read the diaries of some of these youths, to see the range of their abnormal emotional history, is to understand the large percentage of suicides among them.

The Soviet School is a parody. Preference is given in every instance to the children of the poorest and every pretext used to exclude the children of well-to-do peasants or the intellectual classes. The preponderance of instruction is devoted to studying communism, and very little time is spared for those branches of knowledge which form a cultured mind. The system is unable, indeed is not intended, to produce men of culture or scientific knowledge—engineers, physicians, officers. Its graduates may justly be expected to be semi-educated underlings.

I do not believe it is possible for a tourist, unless he is perfectly familiar with the Russian language and knows also the pre-war Russia, to distinguish the Bolsheviks' achievements from what they have merely adapted.

At the frontier the foreigner gets into a splendid railroad car. How softly, how smoothly glides the train! Such cars are not to be found in Germany, nor in France! An obliging official interpreter is at hand to explain that it is only one achievement of the Soviet. Who will tell the traveler that Czarist Russia was internationally remarked for the perfection of its railroad cars, and that the Soviet has only had to repaint and renovate these cars? Who will add that old Russia made its cars and engines, but now must buy them abroad? Will the agent-interpreters add that this express is followed by trains with no seats, delayed for hours because officials have not come in time, or fuel is lacking?

The foreigner is taken to a house with inlaid floors, enormous windows—how spacious and airy! He is told that it is a workmen's club, erected by the Government. But there is no one to tell him that it was once the house of a rich Russian who has been dispossessed, and that the workmen have merely been thrown into it. Who will add that the workman does not feel comfortable in these spacious halls, that he has far to walk to his factory, and that he lives here under constraint? Who will show the foreigner the typical workman's home, where two, sometimes three families live in a single room divided by dirty hangings, where the food is cooked on petroleum burners, where wrangling goes on for a place by the only stove, and where dirt and drunkenness prevail?

The visitor sees a public school: a stone building of which any American town might be proud. Such spacious halls! Such comfort! Such hygienic appointments! But who will tell the visitor that this edifice was erected before the war, and that it is now kept in good order for demonstration purposes?

The visitor would like to go about freely, and question the workmen for himself. The interpreter cannot permit it. To know, to speak to, to be in communication with a foreigner? It is a crime!

In many of the factories the engines are out of use, in many places the mine pits are out of repair; a source of constant danger to the workmen, and the engineers are powerless to bring functioning order out of the chaos. *This* the foreign visitor will not see. But he will be shown a pattern factory, a pattern pit; some of the workmen will be demonstrated as the average, living in almost luxurious quarters.

One need not read the "embittered, exaggerated" descriptions of the Russians who have been despoiled by the Bolsheviks to see what is going on. Read the Soviet papers themselves—they are under severe censorship—and you will see to what a state of physical and moral pauperism the Russian people have been brought.

The power of the Soviet is enforced by the "G. P. U.," a police organization which consists mostly of foreign riffraff, and liberated criminals. These are the cherished Life-guardsmen of the Soviet, the object of its special care. They are provided with every luxury and enjoy every privilege. At the first sign of insubordination they fling themselves upon the discontented, and bloody castigations follow.

The Soviet employs the hostage system—a sort of grim game of "Forfeits." Wives, relatives, quite innocent themselves, are incarcerated. Then, at the first sign of a mutiny, they are shot. When, in 1918, the Jewess Rosa Kaplan attempted Lenin's life, 800 young Russian officers were executed in Moscow. When last year the young student Boris Kowerda killed in Warsaw the Soviet Ambassador, Woikov, the murderer of the Czar, 20 old Russian dignitaries were taken from their cells, among them 84-year old Prince Dolgorouky, and executed without judgment.

The Russian, with liberty strangled, must keep mute. The Soviet, with its penalties and executions has, for a time, robbed the people of their will. The nation may properly be said to be in a state of paralysis.

Discovering the "Cosmic Rays"

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly (July, '28)

Alden P. Armagnac

THE other night at the National Academy of Sciences at Washington, the nation's greatest scientists applauded again and again the stocky, white-haired man on the platform. He was Dr. Robert A. Millikan, winner of a Nobel prize for physics, and of the Edison Medal. He was telling of his crowning achievement—the discovery of "cosmic rays," which pour upon the earth from outer space.

"These rays," said Dr. Millikan, "are the invisible messengers of creation!"

Creation, he said, is still going on—the birth of the very substances from which the earth and living things are made. His studies have shown that four of the universal simple substances are daily being born from hydrogen and helium gas. These substances are oxygen, the life-giving gas; magnesium, whose blinding light makes night photographs possible; silicon, of which the earth, glass and sand are largely made; and iron. The new rays are simply energy hurled forth from the atoms in the mighty travail of new creation. Dr. Millikan's discovery of this transmutation is not one whit less astonishing than if he had seen silver turning into gold.

Dr. Millikan first startled the world by pulling loose from the rest of matter for inspection the inconceivably small electron—the first time it had ever been isolated. For this he received the Nobel prize in 1923—also an accidental electric shock of 5000 volts. "It should have killed me," Dr. Millikan told me as he exhibited white scars on his thumbs, "but it didn't!"

It was in 1910 that Dr. Millikan

read that a German, Dr. Gockel, several thousand feet up in a balloon, had found rays streaming through the air—very short rays like those of radium. Dr. Millikan knew that radium rays, plentiful at the earth's surface, couldn't penetrate that high. Could there be other rays, like radium's, piercing down from above? A fascinating possibility!

If the rays came from outside, they should be hundreds of times stronger at the top of the earth's air than at the bottom. He resolved to send up balloons with recording instruments. The war intervened, but in 1922 he sent up a set of small balloons with diminutive electroscopes. Three were found and returned. One had gone up ten miles—92 percent of the way to the top.

"You can imagine our surprise—and disappointment," Dr. Millikan said, "when our electroscope showed not many more rays at the top than far below. We were on the wrong track."

In other words, the cosmic rays, if they existed, must be so penetrating that only slight variation in their intensity could be detected even after passing through the earth's blanket of air. How then could they be recorded? Dr. Millikan decided the only way was to build a wall that would stop radium rays, the most penetrating known; then to find whether there existed any more powerful rays which could go through that wall.

So he went to the top of the 14,000-foot Pike's Peak, and there laboriously constructed a lead wall. The results were indefinite. As he learned later, the rays penetrated the wall so easily

that it was like trying to trap minnows in a shark net.

"Then," said Dr. Millikan, "we saw the foolishness of carrying building materials up a mountain. Why build a wall, when you can bury an electro-scope at the bottom of a mountain lake with similar results?"

So, in 1925, he climbed up Mount Whitney, in California, to Muir Lake, and there sank his electroscopes. Triumph! There were cosmic rays that pierced the water to a certain depth and then stopped. Where did the rays come from? The stars?

Perhaps not. Perhaps, as some critics suggested, the air was full of radioactive dust of extraordinary radiating power. In an ingenious way Dr. Millikan answered them. Arrowhead lake was 6700 feet lower in altitude than Muir Lake. That thickness of atmosphere was equivalent to six feet of water. Hence, if the rays really came from the heavens, electroscopes a foot deep in Arrowhead Lake should give exactly the same readings as one plus six, that is seven feet, in Muir Lake. If they came merely from the air, the altitude would make no difference.

"That was the prettiest observing we'd done thus far," Dr. Millikan said. "In Arrowhead Lake we found exactly six feet difference in readings, taken all the way from the surface down!" That settled it. They were dealing with cosmic rays—rays from beyond the earth.

To find the source of the new rays Dr. Millikan went to Bolivia and on a mountain detected cosmic rays by day and by night; that ruled out the sun as their source. Apparently they came from every direction of the heavens with equal strength. They were always the same at the same altitudes—in California, Bolivia, Panama. Returning from Bolivia, he improved his technic and instruments, and was able to detect rays as far as 200 feet under the surface of a lake. By measuring their penetration, he was able to give them their correct place in our list of known rays. They proved

to be 100 times shorter than radium rays, the most penetrating now known. That accounted for their ability to penetrate 20 feet of lead.

The scientific world was asking where these rays came from—how they were born. Dr. Millikan didn't know. Then it occurred to him that the only thing that could produce rays of such power was the complete change of an element, such as hydrogen, or perhaps its neighbor helium, into more complex elements like silicon and iron. With feverish excitement he set about computing the strength of the rays according to this theory, using a formula first worked out by Einstein. In changing hydrogen into helium, a ray would be loosed with "penetration power, .32," he found. He compared it with a cosmic ray actually observed "Penetrating power, .35." Undoubtedly the same, allowing for slight experimental errors. Just as closely did other cosmic rays that he had observed compare with the birth of other elements.

"Now it all seems so simple," Dr. Millikan said, "I wonder that we failed to see it sooner."

The rays, Dr. Millikan explained, are the left-overs, the waste, when one element changes to another. Suppose hydrogen turns into helium. A helium atom is almost four times as heavy as one of hydrogen. It takes four hydrogen atoms to make one of helium, and, like the proverbial apple of our school days, there's a fraction of a hydrogen atom left over. What becomes of it? It turns *into energy*, Dr. Millikan says—and that energy, reaching the earth as a radiation, is the cosmic ray.

"There is no force of the laboratory gigantic enough to duplicate this process of creation, but some day doctors may treat patients with cosmic rays. Probably everyone on earth is influenced by them to some extent."

When one thinks of how other recently discovered rays—the radio wave, the radium ray, the ultra-violet rays—have changed our lives, who will predict what the cosmic ray will mean in the future of the world?

The Fashion of Investment Trusts

Condensed from *The Saturday Evening Post* (April, '28)

Albert W. Atwood

THE newest phenomenon of the market place, the investment trust, has caught like wildfire and promises to play a significant rôle in the future. Six years ago it was a stranger in this country, and those who believed in it were having the utmost difficulty in getting the public to take any interest in such a novelty. Since then the public has subscribed nearly \$750,000,-000, almost as much as similar mechanisms in Great Britain have accumulated in 60 years of development. Today the pressing need is for rigid discrimination and extreme caution.

The organizers of investment trusts range all the way from the country's greatest industrialists and bankers down to the pettiest fly-by-night opportunists. Motives range from actual altruism to the most sinister desire to separate the public from its money.

The idea, which originated in Belgium and Switzerland but has been most highly developed in Dundee, Edinburgh, and London, is simplicity itself, and so makes a swift, direct appeal. The funds of numerous subscribers are combined and invested by skilled managers with the object of not only obtaining safety of principal through diversification of risk but higher returns than would be available to the individual.

The investment trust has come along at the very time when the investor wished to shift responsibility but was puzzled as to how to do it. There are now several hundred thousand marketable securities in the world. The investor has read much of the dangers of putting all his eggs in one basket. He has read of fortunes made from buying common stocks, but is

timid about such investments after years of rising prices. Why not turn the job over to experts? The investment trust boldly proclaims specialization and diversification, in both of which he believes. Why not go to it for investment assistance?

The number of small investors in this country has grown to be a veritable army of late years. The redemption of the Liberty Bond issues throws myriads of recruits into the ranks of potential clients for the investment trust. Mellon's operations here are not wholly unlike Goschen's famous funding of the public debt, and it was at that time that the British trusts were stimulated into development.

Perhaps the investment trust has flourished because as yet it is free from such rigid laws as apply to banks, trust companies and life-insurance companies. Perhaps it is the mere child of optimism, an expression of buoyant rising markets and inflation of credit. Any stock-buying device, however disguised, was bound to succeed in the past few years with such a bumptious bull market.

Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that a long-established principle has merely received a new application or twist in the raging markets of the past few years. The principle of coöperative investment and diversification is not new. Fire-insurance companies in recent years have offered practically all the advantages of the investment trust. The horde of companies selling bonds against real-estate loans qualify in a sense. Local building-and-loan association employ the same principle of diversification. There are many other examples that might be given.

Really what has set the financial public's imagination on fire is not the new idea, but the name, which, as the attorney-general of New York points out, conveys the impression of more stability and integrity than any other two words that could be chosen. Essentially the term is a misnomer. What is called an investment trust is in reality either an investment company or a mere speculative pool, a trading jack pot. Large numbers are of the latter variety, foisting upon the public a stream of mongrelish corporate spawn.

In the last analysis the really important thing is not the exact form investment trusts take, but into whose hands they fall. A well-known promoter once wrote a book called "My Adventures With Your Money." That title contains the wisdom of the ages. The central question in finance is always: what will you do with my money, if you get hold of it? And in the investment trust, unless the hands of the managers are free, it is hard to see how very much can be made in the way of profits. Large profits and rigid restrictions constitute a contradiction in terms.

Yet once the investor gives an investment-trust management full discretion he opens the door to abuse and danger. From the very nature of the case, the element of personal confidence in the integrity, ability and technical trading experience of the managers must be absolutely supreme. From the many elaborate rules drawn up for judging investment trusts, here is one list of essentials: character and experience of the management, articles of association, question of whether securities are purchased at cost, ratio of earnings, dividends on founders' shares, policy in respect to reserves, balance sheet and earnings statement, character of securities held. In other words, it is one more sum for the investor to master.

We do not know as yet how many managers of so-called investment trusts will act merely as agents and how many will act as principals. It is a ticklish

business, dealing with oneself, when handling the funds of others. If a manager likes the look of a stock, what is to prevent him buying 100 shares for his own account and the next day purchasing 5000 shares for the fund, thus conveniently boosting the price of his own holding at just the right time? No doubt many investment trusts are so constituted that such things cannot be done. Yet I repeat that if large profits are to be made, the fund must have the elements of a blind pool, which mechanism lends itself admirably to rake-off methods of finance, to personal speculation on the part of insiders.

The European trust companies began with advantages which are most conspicuous by their absence here. Europeans are willing to stick to narrower channels than we are. The British trusts never grew beyond a manageable size; with a few clerks and a reasonable salary for the manager, everybody was satisfied. Although international in their dealings, they remained local and close in relation of managers and clientele. Our temperament is different. Most of the young Napoleons starting investment trusts here want to make a million dollars for themselves right off the bat.

In a report the attorney-general of New York cites cases where organization and original sales expense have amounted to 20 percent. On a rapidly rising bull market any outrageous fee can be absorbed, but on a falling market such practices would prove ruinous. The investment trusts in this country have not been tested out as yet, because they have operated through a period of rising markets only. It will take the experience of falling markets, where level heads, cool judgment and the absence of mental panic are at a premium, to show which of them are sound.

Beyond doubt a number of them will prove a great service to the investor. But the conclusion is unavoidable that they do not solve the investor's problem: they merely magnify the task of discriminating selection.

Politics and Your Electricity Bills

Condensed from Plain Talk (July, '28)

Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska

THE consolidation of corporations supplying electric power has advanced so swiftly that today four-fifths of the American people must get their electricity from 41 corporations or go without. Of these 41 corporations, with a total capitalization of \$10,200,000,000, some 29 are known to be controlled by five central companies: the General Electric Company, the Doherty, Morgan and Ryan interests, all of New York, and the Insull interests of Chicago.

Nothing like this combine has ever appeared in history. It dwarfs the Standard Oil Company in magnitude. It maintains an extensive and expensive lobby at Washington, headed by two former United States Senators. The Insull interests reputedly spent \$250,000 in the last Illinois senatorial election and for that reason the candidate receiving the most votes was denied his seat in the Senate.

Rival private enterprises already have been swept from the field. Either the American people must buy their electricity from the Power Trust, or they must support a government-operated super-power system which will furnish heat and light to the people at cost. There is no alternative. Such a system should cover every section of the country and include such great projects as Muscle Shoals, and the Mississippi, Columbia and Colorado rivers. Nearly 20,000,000 horse power, now running to waste down these rivers, could be harnessed into such a system.

A government-operated super-power system is a perfectly practical project. Years of actual operation have shown that municipally-owned plants can pro-

duce electricity at one-third the price now charged by the Power Trust.

The fundamental reason why city-owned plants charge less than privately-owned plants is that four-fifths of the cost of producing electricity is interest on fixed charges. Municipal, state and national governments can borrow money at much lower interest rates than private plants, in the first place, and secondly they do not water their securities to make fat profits for a few insiders.

The Seattle Municipal Plant was started 22 years ago. At that time the private company was charging 20 cents per kilowatt hour. Today the rate is 3.28 cents—so cheap that 11,127 electric ranges are used in the city.

The Tacoma Municipal Plant has an even lower rate—about 1.3 cents per kilowatt hour. *Nearly 3000 homes in Tacoma—a city of only 80,000—are heated by electric furnaces and the use of ranges and other appliances is general.*

Tacoma and Seattle are perhaps conspicuous examples. But the city-owned plant at Los Angeles furnishes power far below the rates of a private plant in San Francisco. The difference—\$15,000,000 a year—is more than the total municipal tax of Los Angeles. Illinois is the domain of the politically minded power magnate, Samuel Insull. For 150 kilowatt hours of lighting service in Springfield, Illinois, which has a municipal plant, the consumer pays \$5.28. If he lived in Bloomington, Illinois, where Mr. Insull operates a private plant, he would have to pay \$15. There are scores of other municipal plants scattered throughout the land which make similar showings.

Canada has proved on a large scale what can be done with publicly-owned super-power. The Province of Ontario owns and operates its system, using the power generated on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls. The system has now been operating over 20 years and serves more than 1,000,000 customers at less than one-third the rate charged by private companies on the American side.

Almost every woman in the districts covered by the Canadian system cooks with electricity because it is cheaper, as well as cleaner, than coal. More than 8000 Ontario farmers light their homes and barns, milk their cows, pump water, saw wood and thresh with electricity, while their wives cook, wash, iron and sweep with the same magic power.

Last year in the United States the domestic consumers of electricity paid an average of 7.4 cents per kilowatt hour, and during the same period consumers in Ontario paid 1.85 cents. As I write, I have before me the bill of Mrs. J. Cullom, of 250 Victoria avenue, Toronto, Canada. She is the wife of a laboring man, but in a month she consumed 344 kilowatt hours of electricity. The amount used is startling to consumers in the United States, but Mrs. Cullom washed, swept, cooked and lighted her home with electricity. Her bill for the month for this service was only \$3.55. Had she used the same current in Washington, D. C., she would have been charged \$23.18. Washington has in Great Falls as fine a water power as there is in the United States. But the Power Trust has succeeded in blocking its development as a municipal project.

Half the International Bridge at Niagara Falls is lighted by the Canadian publicly-owned system and half by a privately-owned American corporation. Both draw their power from the same source—Niagara Falls—and furnish the same number of lights and service. *But the cost of lighting the Canadian side in 1921 was only \$8 per lamp per month*

while the American side cost \$43 per lamp per month.

Two main objections are raised against government operation of such projects. One is that the government would pay no taxes, whereas taxes could be levied from private capital. The other is that government operation would create an army of appointés who might become active in politics.

In regard to the first it may be pointed out that private utilities are never taxpayers. They collect the taxes, but they push the burden on to the consumer every time. The man in the home and the factory pays every cent of the tax. As to the second, the private interests are already up to their necks in politics. The Power Trust mixes into politics in the election of every board of aldermen in the smallest village in the country, at the election of every governor, Congressman, Senator, and President. It has highly paid attorneys and lobbyists all over the country to see to its interests. It employs publicity experts of great ability to create public sentiment in favor of private ownership. In the recent fight over the Boulder Dam Bill in the Senate it is estimated that the Power Trust spent more than \$200,000. If they paid their own bills, complaints would not need to be so bitter. But every cent that goes to these agents is charged to "overhead expenses" and taken from the people.

Cheap electricity would mean that every housewife could have at her command a modern Aladdin's Genii. Within the next ten years every home in the United States—in rural regions as well as in the cities—should be equipped with electrical appliances and every railroad and industry electrically operated. They will be if our enormous potential water power resources are fully developed—electricity will be the cheapest form of power known. They will not be if private monopoly is permitted to stifle development by excessive charges.

The Decline of Bigotry in America

Condensed from *Current History* (June, '28)

George Thomson Fry

THE narrative of three centuries of conflict in America between Catholic and Protestant, now given another factor by the addition of the Jew, reveals that there has been a steady decline in the fervor and rancor that marked the bigotry of the earliest period. The four phases of the conflict in our history have been (1) The Colonial period; (2) the Know Nothing era; (3) The American Protective Association, or "A. P. A.;" (4) The Ku Klux Klan.

From the social aspect, the elimination of bitterness has been most marked. The first New England colonists transplanted the English fight against Rome, and brought with them the cry of "No Popery." Thus, Massachusetts passed a law against idolatry, making the celebration of mass punishable by death. In 1647 it was provided that any Jesuit priest found in the colony should be banished and that, if he should return, he should be put to death. The celebration of Christmas was prohibited by the State on the ground that it represented Popery. Now compare Massachusetts today. Its Senator, David I. Walsh, is one of the leading Catholics of the country. The Republican Governor, Mr. Fuller, is stated to have married a Catholic. A Cardinal Prince of the Church has his residence in Boston and the processional of his priests attracts no attention from the descendants of the element which once condemned the entire sect.

In 1718 the entire Atlantic seaboard was solidly hostile to Catholics. The case of New York is illuminating. In 1701 any priest caught in the State was doomed to life imprisonment, with the proviso that, should the prisoner

seek to escape, he should be shot. No Catholic could vote or hold office. Today the Governor of the State, the Mayor of New York City, the leaders of the dominant political party, and perhaps a majority of those on the bench and in the city's political service are Catholics.

The Colonial antipathy to Catholics continued until the opening of the Revolutionary War, but by the time the new nation had established itself, it had so abated that Washington felt that "the different denominations dwell together in more charity than in any other nation."

The Know Nothing movement, a secret society which got its name from the fact that when any member was asked about its operations he replied, "I don't know," was not launched primarily against the Catholic Church, but against foreign immigration. It was later that the religious issue became dominant. In the years following 1830 conditions in Ireland sent to this country a vast number of immigrants. Endowed with an aptitude for politics, they soon held many offices. The "Native" element, particularly in Philadelphia and New York, early began to resent the growing power of an alien people in their midst, and the feeling came to a head in the Kensington riots in Philadelphia, disorders which for violence and hatred have never been approached in the story of religious differences in this country.

Fighting began as a result of the attempted formation of an American Republican Association in the midst of an Irish ward, and resulted in many dead and wounded. It left a large

number of buildings in smoking ruins, among them the Churches of St. Michael and St. Augustine. Women of the Irish faction carried stones in their aprons to arm their men folk, and even troops were woefully ineffective until, after three days of fighting, martial law was proclaimed.

By the time the country had come to the Civil War, however, the country was ready to recognize on the Union side General William T. Sherman, brother to a priest, as a hero, and Father Ryan as "the poet of the Confederacy." The spirit of religious strife slept till 1887. Then was born the first of the two latter movements—each of them, notably enough, promoted by a single individual.

It was in 1887 that Henry F. Bowers started the American Protective Association, or A. P. A., at Clinton, Iowa. Its purposes were solely anti-Catholic. It spread with a rapidity that astonished its founder, and by 1893 had 70,000 members in 20 States. The truth of history requires the statement that its early growth was due to two forged documents. The more important of these was said to be an encyclical by Pope Leo XIII containing this passage: "On or about the feast of Ignatius Loyola, in the Year of Our Lord 1893, it will be the duty of the faithful to exterminate all heretics found within the jurisdiction of the United States of America."

This encyclical, later admittedly spurious, was alleged to have been issued in 1891, and the fear that seized a considerable portion of the Middle West was grotesque in the extreme. Men armed themselves, and organizations purchased weapons in quantities. Nothing happened on the appointed day, but the perturbation of the Middle Westerners did not abate.

There were local disorders, but they were minor when compared with the Kensington riots. Most of the disturbances started over the antics of a troupe of "ex-priests" and "escaped nuns" who appeared on the platform for the A. P. A. One of the women was

the notorious Ann O'Delia Dis de Bar, "The Spook Prophetess." She posed as a "victim of the church," exactly how, the record is not plain, and produced much discord before she dropped from the conflict and settled in New York to become a crystal gazer, who foretold what would happen on the Stock Exchange for the benefit of sundry superstitious financiers. The A. P. A. movement came to an end about 1896, when it arrayed itself against McKinley's nomination, without apparent effect.

The fourth of anti-Catholic movements began in 1915 when on Thanksgiving night William J. Simmons gathered a group about him on Stone Mountain, Georgia, and formed the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. He had been an expert organizer of fraternal orders, and there is no doubt that the Klan was first evolved purely to make money from the propensity of the human race to join something about which the neighbors may not inquire.

The Klan did not grow as rapidly as Simmons anticipated, and after four years of intensive effort, he turned it over to E. Y. Clarke with the understanding that Clarke was to receive \$8 out of every \$10 membership fee. Under Clarke's management the Klan began to grow steadily, but had not reached any alarming proportions until the *New York World* and 17 other papers throughout the country opened a broadside of exposure and attack. It was like pouring gasoline on a fire. The advertisement brought the Klan many new members.

What part the Klan is to bear in the present Presidential year remains to be seen. There can be no question concerning its dwindling power as compared with the movements that went before. Viewed from any angle, partisan or otherwise, the one great fact remains that decade by decade, over the whole land, the conflicting elements have softened their hates. Intolerance no longer means the hangman, banishment, or the firing squad. There is less bigotry than in any former age.

Monkey Tricks and Traits

Condensed from the Delineator (July, '28)

Martin Johnson

FOR many years my wife, Osa, and I have been deeply interested in apes and monkeys and have had several as pets, but we learned most about them at our cabin at Paradise Lake in British East Africa. In this spot, well beyond the haunts of men, the animal life is like that which Adam and Eve must have known.

Our particular breed of tree-folk was the Chacma baboon. This fellow is of an olive dun color weighing around 50 pounds. His long hair makes him look much larger. Like other species he is gregarious and lives mostly in the tree-tops. The individuals go about by families; the families in turn stick closely to their group or tribe.

From our windows we could always see baboons, in trees or at the lake, and often we have estimated that there were more than 2000 in sight at one time.

One tribe dwelt among the rocks near a cool stream that never went dry. Their leafy beds were built on ledges, high out of reach of man or leopard, and we used to watch them moving along their narrow paths so slowly that they seemed to be holding their breaths in fear. Once, while watching them on the ground we suddenly startled an old female, who, dashing off with a scream, started a stampede. One little fellow was left behind. Hoping to catch him for a pet I ran after him. He glanced over his shoulder, squealing with terror, as he saw me overtaking him. Suddenly he decided it was no use, he didn't have a chance. He stopped, lay down on the rock and covered his eyes with his tiny hands. Trembling all over he lay there, sobbing. He acted exactly as if he knew I were going to kill him,

and couldn't bear to see my hand up-lifted to strike.

I picked him up. His heart was going like a trip-hammer. He moved his hand a bit from one eye and peered at me. The sight of my face so close was too much. He pressed his hand quickly back and cried out in desperation. When I found I couldn't soothe him I set him down and backed off. Again he peeked at me from behind one hand, and gave a sort of gasp—I was too far away to grab him! He moved one foot, then another. Both worked all right. With a yell he turned and ran off, to tell his playmates of his frightful adventure with a giant.

A young baboon is a funny creature. His head is too big, his eyes grotesquely large, and his stomach all out of proportion to the rest of him. In his first year he is almost as hairless as a baby; and his tail is like a rat's. But to his mother he is most beautiful; she fondles him by the hour. If there is an alarm the little one takes a running jump to its mother's back, and rides away like a little jockey, sitting starkly upright, not afraid now that he has his fingers deep in the fur of the one who protects him. If he gets tired of sitting up, he may lie down, and I believe even go to sleep. Yet he never falls off, no matter whether the mother is racing wildly over the ground or making hair-raising leaps aloft.

I think most monkey children are disciplined by their elders more severely than human children are. Young monkeys are always getting into scrapes, being cuffed and howling at the tops of their lungs. If a baby grabs a berry or leaf it is not supposed to eat and puts

it into its moutn the mother doesn't hesitate to pry open the jaws and rake out the forbidden article.

Baboon babies play a great deal. They have a regular game of tag in which one tweaks another's ear or tail and then the whole crowd go after the offender. The old males are most resentful of gaiety among the young. Perhaps a pair of youngsters will be wrestling and rolling about and squealing—a common sight. Sooner or later the fun or the racket gets on the nerves of some old baboon who leaves off his scratching and yawning to come over and take a wallop at the players. Pretending not to notice them till almost on top of them, he briskly darts out a hairy arm and heavy palm for a cuff that sends the innocents over and over in the dust, screaming bloody murder. The mothers never interfere in such circumstances.

The old males seem to get increasingly irritable with age. At night they make a terrific racket for hours before they seem able to get to bed. We slipped up close to them, one evening, to watch, and found that each old male ranted around until he got just the crotch he wanted. Then gradually the females and younger generation would become settled. In about ten minutes the first and biggest old male would begin to squirm. Perhaps his bones didn't fit the angle he had chosen. Maybe he had rheumatism. Perhaps it was just plain cussedness that wouldn't let him go to sleep without disturbing others. Up he would rise, grunting and rasping and blowing. The females lay still, pretending not to notice. The younger baboons made ready to move. Next would come an angry bark.

"Why doesn't somebody pay attention to me?" the old scoundrel would seem to say.

"Picked that bed yourself!" some daring young rowdy will squeal, darting away.

Whereupon bedlam breaks out while the outraged old fellow throws the nearest female "out of bed." The younger chieftains, seeing by what

method dignity and respect are gained, begin complaining in their own nook of the leafy apartment house, and not before they are tired out does the barking, clawing, cuffing and general confusion die away to the quiet of the jungle night, broken only by the roar of a distant lion and the "boom-boom" of a prowling ostrich.

In the daytime the "old men" are still overbearing and short-tempered. One wrinkled grandfather used to sit on a rock below us and cuff at every monkey that passed, just for sheer cussedness. Another big and aged baboon we came to call "Mr. Grouch."

Mr. Grouch didn't consort with the rest of his tribe. He used to sit alone moodily scratching and snuffling. Osa had a blind where she often took her lunch and stayed all day in order to photograph the game that came to the water, and Mr. Grouch finally discovered her refuge and deliberately set about making himself a nuisance.

Day after day he came as close as he dared. Everything Osa did he imitated as well as he could. If she brushed away flies he waved a hand. If she shook a limb to scare him away, he duplicated the action. If she reached for a rock, he made a pass at the ground. If she clapped her hands, he rubbed his together. If she lost her temper, he'd lose his; and when she rose to chase him away he'd run a few yards then turn and chase her back, cursing her roundly in monkey language the whole time.

Again and again she came back vowing that she would shoot Mr. Grouch next time. He scared away the game. Yet I knew she would never bring herself to kill him. Indeed, she finally went so far as to invent games with him, trying motions that she thought he could not imitate. But he never was stumped. And in time his temper seemed to improve, till he almost got to like Osa.

People often ask me just how much like a man these creatures are in their native haunts. The answer is that in innumerable ways their personality closely approaches that of human beings.

The Sensible Man's Religion

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly (July, '28)

An Anonymous Banker

THE Earl of Shaftesbury remarked on one occasion: "Men of sense are really but of one religion." When asked what religion that was, he replied, "Men of sense never tell."

This anecdote has rested in my own mind for many years, and a year ago I concluded to institute an inquiry among my representative friends—a number of newspaper writers, doctors, lawyers, professors, statesmen, and business men—as to whether this judgment was a witty half-truth or approximated the whole truth. The study required patience and some tact. Too hurried or insistent an inquiry of this sort from a banker might have bred rumors as to his sanity.

For convenience, I used phrases of the Apostles' Creed as a common index to points of view. As accurately as I can, I will state the common ground of some of their beliefs:

I believe in God the Father Almighty.

Practically all of these men, I found, believed in a God. In substance they said: "It may be difficult to conceive of a Supreme Intellect creating and directing order in the universe, but it is more difficult to conceive of order in the absence of a creating and directing force." Or, in even simpler terms: "An orderly universe is more likely to be run by an orderly intellect than by nothing at all."

They believe, then, in a God. What kind of God? Their opinions on this are naturally so varied that, though they might be grouped and classified, they would be no more identical than their respective thumb prints. Only a few warmed to the idea that God resembles even the best of human fathers,

though as an analogy the term seemed sound enough, and all felt that it has been most helpful to suffering souls. Personally they rather agree with Huxley's view, where he compares the ruler of the universe with a kind judge.

I know the administrators of the law desire to do their best for everybody and that they would rather not hurt me than otherwise, but I also know that under certain circumstances they will most assuredly hang me; and that in any case it would be absurd to suppose them guided by any peculiar affection for me.

And in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord.

The conviction of my friends rings clearly concerning Christ: "Never man spake like this man!" They feel that he could not have seen down into fundamental truths unless he had been inspired, and that there could be but one source of inspiration—God. To put it another way: If all books of other religions and all philosophies were set on one side and the Gospels of Christ on the other, and either had to be destroyed, my sensible men would toss everything else into the fire and save the Gospels.

I believe in . . . the Forgiveness of sins.

Here my friends find themselves at sea as to reasons or probability. They are not vengeful, and they do not believe that even the greatest of sins would doom a man to everlasting punishment. Their feeling is well expressed by the Persian: "Pish! He's a Good Fellow and 'twill all be well." They cannot picture God as a petty bookkeeper with a ledger of sins and virtuous acts. To pursue the analogy, they believe only in a well-estimated balance. My man knows that sin hurts and virtue aids him; that sin and virtue mark his soul

as they mark his face, and that a trained observer may tell at a glance what manner of man he is. If all a man's sins should be remitted, he feels that he might well become the kind of man he would like to be, worthy to occupy some place, however lowly, in the continuity of things.

This point of view gives men great tolerance toward the sins of others, though not necessarily toward their own. And, because of the "well-estimated balance," they understand what Christ meant when He said, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," whereas the forgiveness of a single sin seems to them somewhat trifling.

... And the Life everlasting.

Quite apart from the desirability of survival, they all were agreed apparently as to its probability. I confess that this surprised me.

They did not regard the idea as miraculous. They seemed to feel as Huxley felt when he said of survival after death:

It is not half so wonderful as the conservation of force, or the indestructibility of matter. Whoso clearly appreciates all that is implied in the falling of a stone can have no difficulty about any doctrine simply on account of its marvellousness.

If Nature or God (whichever you wish), they said, is concerned to conserve the minutest form of energy and the tiniest atom, what will be done with the greatest producer of energy we know—the human ego? Is it more likely to be conserved or destroyed? Their answer was "conserved."

To illustrate their attitude: In this city is a common source from which comes immense energy, moving cars, lighting lights, driving the wheels of industry. If one attempts to trace the origin of this power, he finds first a power plant; but this is not the original source of energy. Who built the plant? Thousands of workmen; but the origin is not with them. Bankers financed it; but the source still is not there. Finally the way is traced back to an individual. But we still must analyze the individual. What part of him started it? Not flesh and muscles or brain, for a dead man

possesses all these.

The living man has something different within him, something, an "X," that was the creative source of all that vast energy. It is the most amazingly powerful producer of energy we know. If Nature permits death to destroy this producer, she reverses her fundamental law of economy.

Most of my friends, however, go even farther than this. They believe that personality survives. In this belief they are dealing, not with energy, but with the vital something which creates energy. It is true, they say, that a Creator, in the ultimate meaning of the word, can create something out of nothing; but, having created that something, then by various combinations the Creator can again, in a sense, "create" something new. Mankind seems to share this latter faculty with the Creator; shares it because mankind understands to some extent the laws of the Creator. In this sense, perhaps, God has made man in His own image.

This particular and peculiar creative power is that which commands the great forces of nature. It seems probable, therefore, it is of a character that could be delegated only by a Creator. They think the doctrine of probability is that such a creative power represents a totality which will not be divided—hence that personality survives.

It is worth noting that my friends spoke of this same creative power as expressing itself in art, in music, in poetry—wherever we apply the term "inspiration." If it is inspiration, we must logically admit the existence of a source of inspiration; if it is merely a creative and constructive force common to all men, then, in the economy of nature, we should expect it to be conserved.

My friends do not claim that such an argument constitutes proof. They feel, however, that, as between everlasting destruction, or even dissipation of this kind of creative energy and its preservation, it seems probable that it will be preserved.

Here my men stand. They believe in
(Continued on page 242)

My Town Has Too Many Organizations

Condensed from Nation's Business (June, '28)

W. O. Saunders

THE town I live in is an average town in an average state. No need to argue—I admit it. What ails my little town is just about what ails yours, if you are a small town man. We have too many organizations and no organization. It takes team work to do things, and our big team is split up into a lot of little teams pulling every way at once.

The 6500 of us in this town have more than two score organizations that I can name off hand. We have a Chamber of Commerce and a Merchants Bureau; a Rotary and a Kiwanis Club; a Shrine Club, an Elk's Club, a Community Club, and a Country Club. We have Masons—Royal Arch, Knights Templar, Commandery, Scottish Rite, and brick; Pythians, Odd Fellows, Red Men, Junior Order, United American Mechanics, and Woodmen (two brands). We have a Woman's Club, Parent-Teachers Association, Red Cross Chapter, W. C. T. U., Anti-Saloon League, to say nothing of Daughters of the Confederacy and Bridge Clubs. We have Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Disciples, Catholics, Saints of God; and there are several different Baptist congregations, while the Methodists are divided into three Congregations, two South and one North of God. Each religious congregation has a dozen or more organizations of its own. And then we have the Democratic and Republican parties with their respective organizations.

We should be the most highly organized little community on earth; but the truth of it is that uniting on a common purpose seems at times hopeless, except when another town's baseball team

licks ours on the home diamond. Then we are as one, inseparable and indivisible, hating unanimously. Each spring, like other small towns, we subscribe money for this baseball team, to promote friendly intercourse and relations with other towns. But I have never seen it work. Any cordiality that we have patched up with our sister towns during the winter is shot all to pieces after some team loses three games in succession and an umpire is hit with a pop bottle.

We have a lot of potential leadership and executive ability in my little town. A youngster who lost several fingers running a machine started a little neighborhood grocery and is today one of the largest retail merchants in the state. Another youngster who started life with an ice cream freezer has built up the biggest soft drink business in his field. A teller in a small bank has worked up in 15 years to the executive head of a banking group with ten million dollars resources. Three hard-fisted and grimy brothers in a small machine shop have developed a ship-building plant turning out steel freighters from stock patterns—a new thing in ship-building. And so it goes; we do not lack executive ability.

But the potential leaders are so up to their ears in their own enterprises that they have little mind, little heart, little courage for community enterprises. They are chained to their desks. And so it often happens that the fellow with no desk and no particular assets in ability or character gets the position of a public leader. That's why we have so many wind-jammers posing as leaders.

The citizens who might be real leaders take out memberships in some organi-

zation that puts "Service" in blue and gold on its letterheads. They donate liberally to funds, and delegate their responsibility to an organization. Our 40 organizations do a vast amount of good, going their separate ways, but their ways are not a common way. I have seen the Methodist Church, Baptist Church, Elks, Masons and Junior order, each working independently, send big baskets of food on Christmas to one household and all of them missed a not less deserving indigent family just around the corner. That particular thing has now been remedied through a United Charities, but scores of others have not been.

It sometimes happens that jealousies

and antagonisms arise because one organization happens to think of a thing first. I have seen Kiwanians lay off a great community enterprise because the Rotarians got on it first, and Rotarians disregard a public need because Kiwanians first sponsored it.

The trouble with my little town, and perhaps yours, is that we unload almost every social, political and spiritual responsibility on some little jack-ass organization, when what we need is to harness all our horsepower in one big team and move heaven and earth with it.

And what are we going to do about it? I guess we'll organize another organization.



The Sensible Man's Religion

(Continued from page 239)

an undescribed and, to them, indescribable God. They will go so far as to use the adjectives "all-wise," "just," and "merciful." They believe that Jesus taught a doctrine so wise, just, and merciful that He must have been spiritually inspired. This is as far as the doctrine of probability permits them to go. They then admit that, in the vast field of speculation beyond, any man has a right to believe as the other forces of his mind and emotions direct.

Their view, on the whole, was clear that science had little to add or subtract from the fundamental base of religion; that, thus far, science has trimmed away only non-essentials, and that it is always silent and always will be on essentials.

They regret that they do not go to church. If they wish help on their way to find out something more about God, they admit that their best bet, if conditions were different, would be to turn to the Christian churches. They think, however, that as things now stand the churches fail to aid them very much.

They believe that in the churches they may be asked to subscribe in the

most solemn form, not merely to their fundamental beliefs, but to additional beliefs concerning which they are at least uncertain and covering a number of subjects which they regard as unessential or irrelevant. If one is scrupulous, he cannot do so. He may earnestly desire to indulge in public worship, or obtain the rare comfort and strengthened resolution that follow the silent confession of sin within a holy place. Regular habits in these matters might make him a better man. If for this reason, or with a desire for instruction, or to comfort his wife or aid his children, he joins or continues in a church to whose beliefs he has solemnly subscribed with his tongue in his cheek, what kind of Christian have you?

My intention is not to criticize the churches; my sole purpose has been to discover the point of view of a body of men who at least seem to be very well worth while. If any church is going to help them, the parson must know where to go find them. Men of such sincerity, tolerance, and open-mindedness would listen with interest to the empirical reasoner and even to the sound mystic.

The Art of Persuasion

Condensed from Psychology Magazine (June, '28)

Harry A. Overstreet (As reported by Hazel Rose Hailey)

WHETHER or not we wish to influence others, we do so. We cannot avoid it. The American citizen of 1928 cannot be a hermit. Some of our influencing is done in a good way, some undoubtedly in a bad way. I do not mean that the influence is for good or bad, but that the method itself is good or bad.

What is a bad way to influence others? Any way is bad which produces what I call a *devitalized response*. The teacher who regards her pupils as so many little pitchers, sitting before her, into which it is her duty to pour a stream of learning. The speaker on the platform who harangues a helpless audience. The employer who says to his employees "You do thus and so" and cares only that his orders are carried out. The foreman who shouts at his men, and who, because they cringe and step faster while under his eye, regards himself as a master of men. And we all know the "high-pressure" salesman who practically black-jacks you into accepting his product, and thinks himself a great little go-getter.

Every one of these methods is wrong, because the effect it produces is bad—devitalized.

How much of what the teacher pours into the ears of the child stays with him in life? He may be able to repeat it back to her at the time, but in a few days it is forgotten. The truth never reached the child at all. How much effect has the speaker, sending a torrent of words over the glassy-eyed audience? Because they do not rise up and extinguish him by dropping a heavy object upon his head as he spouts, is it any sign that they are absorbing his wisdom?

What, then, is the right way? There are five principles of persuasion, and the first and most important is: *you must tie up what you want with what the other fellow wants*. Only in that way will you ever get a vitalized response. Only in that way will your influence have any life, any force.

If you can convince the other man that what you want is what he himself wants, you have him sold. After that he himself will help you rather than oppose you. And that is the secret of all influence upon the behavior of human beings.

Take it in the school. We all know that the old type of school is coming into disrepute. The new type of school recognizes the fact that teacher and pupil must create together, that "pouring out" knowledge is useless. In Brussels, in the famous Decroly school, I saw this well illustrated. They had little money for equipment, and when the school needed laboratory tables, the pupils made them. The school needed blackboards; the children erected them. The botany and biology classes needed specimens; the children themselves brought them in. Where could a more perfect example of the creative spirit working in a group be found? If a child finds a thing out for himself, he wants to remember it; if it is pounded into him, he doesn't. And there lies the secret.

Frederick Taylor, the industrial engineer, worked out this same principle in a plant at Midvale, Pennsylvania. He wanted the men to get more work done. So he tried to find a common interest, to tie up what he wanted with what they wanted. He said to them,

"See here, what you want is less work, shorter hours and to be less tired at the end of the day. Isn't that it?" They agreed that it was.

With their aid, he worked out a different arrangement of the work by which every operation, however small—if it were only lifting a pile of pig iron from here to there—was accomplished with the least effort. It took intensive study, but the men were willingly eager to find short-cuts. The result was what he had hoped for—the actual output was increased, hours of labor were fewer and the men themselves in a fresh condition at the end of the day.

The second principle is more difficult: *you have got to like human beings.* The pupil spots instantaneously the teacher who is teaching just to make a living, who regards all children as brats and has no sympathy with them. The salesman who builds up an honest liking between himself and his customers is the one who retains them longest. The customer soon detects it if he is regarded as just another prospect.

Third, *you must understand people.* We all want recognition. That is, in many cases, the making of criminals. If the boy cannot get himself recognized in a good way, he will do it in a bad way. Often it is not his fault. He comes, let us say, of a poor family. He is badly in need of glasses, which gains him a reputation for stupidity. He is conscious of his dirty, ragged clothes and realizes that he can never shine among the clean, well-dressed children of the better element. He puts on a "devil-may-care" attitude. He develops a flair for comedy. He keeps the class in an uproar of mirth by "showing off."

Soon he has a reputation as a "bad boy" and a dullard. From such small beginnings he may branch out into vandalism, theft, leadership of a "rowdy gang." You have the making of a criminal.

Fourth, *you must believe in what you*

are doing. The child, the audience, is quick to detect insincerity. Unless you are firmly convinced of the importance and enjoyableness of the subject you are teaching, of the right of the cause you defend, of the goods you are selling or the business you are building up, you cannot hope to convince anybody. You cannot teach a child Latin, for instance, unless you passionately believe in the worth of such learning yourself.

Fifth, *give up the old idea that we are so many bottles to be filled.* We are active, dynamic human mechanisms who should be finding out things for ourselves. All work should be inter-creating. There should be no teacher standing before a roomful of children with pointer and precept. There should be no speaker on a platform addressing a roomful of people. Rather, the leader should present the problem and lead others to present their ideas. This can be absolutely the finest process in the field of human thought—the inter-creation of ideas, wherein mind brushes mind, memory is stirred, experience is tapped, thinking is induced, ideas are created, brought forth under your very eyes. The most successful leader in any line of effort brings out this creative response in people.

When our oldest boy was small, we had several beautiful vases, wedding presents, which stood about the house. How to persuade Ned to keep "hands off" was a considerable problem which we solved in this way: "Ned mustn't touch the vases," we told him, "no, Ned mustn't touch—but Ned may *smell* the vases."

This privilege he exercised with great assiduity, and really developed remarkable ability in this direction. He was so occupied with smelling the vases that he forgot the injustice of being forced not to touch them. He had caught the idea of helping the rest of us to keep the house a beautiful and fragrant place to live in.



What Is the Matter with Preaching?

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (July, '28)

Harry Emerson Fosdick

EVERY sermon should have for its main business the solving of some problem—a vital problem, puzzling minds, burdening consciences—and any sermon which does tackle a real problem, and throw even a little light on it, cannot be altogether uninteresting. Any preacher who even with moderate skill is helping folk to solve their real problems is functioning. He never will lack an audience. He may have neither eloquence nor learning, but he is doing the one thing that is a preacher's business.

Many preachers indulge habitually in what they call expository sermons. They take a passage from Scripture and, proceeding on the assumption that the people attending church that morning are deeply concerned about what the passage means, they spend their time in a historical exposition, ending with some appended practical application to the auditors. Could any procedure be more surely predestined to dullness and futility? Every agency dealing with the public recognizes that contact with the actual life of the auditor is the one place to begin if his interest is desired. Only the preacher proceeds still upon the idea that folk come to church desperately anxious to discover what happened to the Jesusites.

This does not mean that the value of the Bible to the preacher is lessened. It means that preachers who pick out texts and then proceed to give their historic settings and meanings, with a few practical reflections added, are grossly misusing the Bible. The Bible is a searchlight, not so much intended to be looked at as to be thrown upon a shadowed spot. Let the preacher start

with the auditors' vital need, and throw all the light he can on that.

An increasing number of preachers, too modern to use the old, textual method, do not on that account light on a better one. They turn to what is called topical preaching. They search contemporary life in general and the newspapers in particular for subjects. They find that such subjects as divorce, Bolshevism, or the latest book have such attractive vividness that they enjoy their own preaching better and more people come to hear it.

The nemesis of such a method, however, is not far off. Watch the records of any considerable number of those who try it and see how many of them peter out and leave the ministry altogether. Instead of starting with a text, they start with their own ideas on some subject of their choice, but their own ideas on that subject may be much less vitally interesting to the people than a great text from the Bible. One who listens to such preaching knows that the preacher is starting at the wrong end. He is thinking first of his ideas, when he should think first of his people. He is starting with a subject where he should start with an object.

In the case of either of these kinds of preaching, the people often know that there is something wrong with the sermon although they cannot define it. The text was good and the truth was undeniable. The subject was well chosen and well developed but, for all that, nothing happened. The effect was flat. The reason for this can commonly be traced to one cause: the preacher started his sermon at the wrong end. He made it the exposition of a text or the elucidation

tion of a subject instead of an endeavor to help solve some problem in the individual lives before him. He need not have changed his subject or his text, but if he had gone into it via real interest in his congregation, he would have found the whole procedure kindling to himself and to them.

This idea that we are applying to preaching is simply the project method, which is recognized as the basis of all good modern teaching. One of its corollaries is that it makes a sermon a coöperative enterprise between the preacher and his congregation. When a man is trying to meet a real difficulty in the life of his people he finds himself not so much dogmatically thinking for them as coöperatively thinking with them. His sermon is an endeavor to put himself in their places and help them to think their way through.

The difference which this makes in a sermon is incalculable. The preacher no longer plays the rôle of "Sir Oracle," dogmatic, assertive, uncompromising, flinging out his dicta as though to say, Take it or leave it. That method has long since lost its influence over intelligent people, and the future does not belong to it. The future belongs to the preacher who takes hold of a real problem in our lives and, stating it better than we could, goes on to deal with it fairly, frankly, helpfully. The result is inevitable: he makes us think, even though we may have planned a far more somnolent use of sermon time.

A good sermon should take it into account that we never really get an idea until we have thought it for ourselves. The wise preacher, then, must see clearly and state fairly what people other than himself are thinking on the matter in hand. Such preaching when it is well done will always possess an important quality. It is not militant and pugnacious but irenic, kindly, and constructively helpful. How much the churches need such discourses!

Not only is such preaching the most useful; it is the most interesting. This is the only way I know to achieve ex-

citement without sensationalism. Constructively to state the problem of meeting trouble victoriously, or of living above the mediocre moral level of a modern city, or of believing in God in the face of the world's evil, or of making Christ's principles triumphant against the present international prejudice is surely not sensationalism, but it is vitally interesting.

Yet this is not the full requirement. The best sermons, I believe, are preached on the project method, plus. What this plus is can easily be seen. When a preacher deals with joy, let us say, he ought to start, not with joy in the fifth century B. C. nor with joy as a subject to be lectured on, but with the concrete difficulties in living joyfully that his people actually experience. He should have in mind their mistaken ideas of joy, their false attempts to get it, and their general problem of victorious and happy living in the face of puzzling experiences. But the real sermon must do more than discuss joy—it must produce it. All powerful preaching is creative. It actually brings to pass in lives the things it talks about. So to tackle the problem of joy that the whole congregation goes out more joyful than it came in—that is the mark of a genuine sermon.

Here lies the basic distinction between a sermon and an essay. It is easy to preach about repentance without making anybody feel like repenting, or to deliver an accomplished discourse on peace without producing any of that valuable article in the auditors. The true preacher produces the thing itself in the people who hear it. As an English bishop said about Phillips Brooks, "He makes one feel so strong."

Obviously, personal quality is the major factor in producing spiritual power. There is a real reason for the halos which painters have put about the heads of saints. They are symbols of something intangible but real—an effluence that ordinary men do not possess, a radiance that is not the less powerful because it is ineffable.

Sowing Dragon's Teeth

Condensed from *The Virginia Quarterly Review* (July, '28)

Willis J. Abbott

A DISTINGUISHED psychologist, Dr. Morton Prince of Harvard, remarked to me recently while contemplating a newspaper, the first page of which was largely filled with reports of peace meetings, that if the constant discussion of peace could be maintained the thing itself would inevitably follow. For such educational discussions of something that the whole world undoubtedly wants tend to create a habit of mind which thinks of every international dispute in terms of peace instead of in terms of war.

In time of war, governments have always recognized this principle in its reverse application. They have always welded the press of their nations into one coherent whole, having for its single purpose the creation of mass hatred of the enemy and the stimulation of the warlike passions of the people. Up to the present moment no government, however peaceful its professions, has mobilized the press for peace, nor have newspapers recognized it as their patriotic duty to strive earnestly in times of peace to show the good and lovable traits in foreign peoples as in time of war they labor to portray a formerly friendly people as savages.

Let us consider the psychological effect of the ordinary international news published.

I happened to be in Berlin during the mark's deepest depreciation. Never was a city so plunged in apprehension and gloom. No workingman could tell whether his day's wages would buy even a breakfast on the morrow. Notes were actually being printed for ten billion marks and, for the moment, were worth less than \$2.50. Established fortunes

were swept away. It was an occasion on which a visitor from a more fortunate land naturally found his sympathies stirred to the depths.

I dropped in at the office of the correspondent of one of the best known American newspapers. That young gentleman took only a mild interest in the currency situation. "The chief told me," he said, "to cut out all this high brow stuff, reparations, stabilizing the mark and so on. He says that with all this blotting out of old fortunes the aristocracy must be turning some sharp corners to get a living—women on the streets, men at the gaming tables, and the like. A good scandal in high society is what will get on the first page!"

What causes more mischief than sensational, exaggerated reporting of great international events is the steady flow of misleading news which emphasizes the irritating phases of international relations. Just now, for example, it is difficult for the American newspaper reader to think of the French as anything save an immoral nation intent upon repudiating its just debts, and ready to plunge into a new series of wars. On the other hand the French, being schooled thereto by their own press, have come to regard the United States as "Uncle Shylock," believe implicitly that our statesmen and soldiers claim exclusive credit for the victory in the war, and regard our visiting legionnaires as persons who should be rigidly excluded from French homes, and left to riot in the resorts which attract them to Paris.

We can hardly blame English correspondents in the United States for informing their papers that the Mayor of Chicago has detected a plot to annex the

United States to the British Commonwealth! But there should also be some news value in the fact that Chicago is rebuilding itself at the cost of hundreds of millions of dollars merely to improve its aesthetic qualities. Even Mayor Thompson himself is accomplishing certain reforms despite his flamboyant demagoguery. The average English newspaper reader, however, is given no opportunity to doubt that all Chicago is made up of violent foes to his country under the leadership of a mayor eager to declare war at an instant's notice.

It is not as between America and the old world alone that newspapers tend to awaken misunderstandings. What in our country is a zest for sensationalism becomes on the continent almost an exact science. Politicians there employ the press as an agent provocateur. The news gathering agencies are often government agencies, brazenly employed for propaganda. In Paris you will hear of the scandalous way in which the Wolfe Agency distorts the utterances of French public men. In Berlin the Foreign Office responds, "But you ought to see what the Havas Agency does to news affecting Germany!" The trail of politics is everywhere, and neither writers nor readers abroad seem disquieted by it. But the importance of this situation to the American or English reader lies in the fact that much of the information sent home by correspondents in France, Germany, or Italy is derived from such polluted sources.

In the lamentable failure of the recent conference for the Limitation of Naval Armaments at Geneva, the attitude of the press played a large part. The voice of the press systematically treated this event as a fight rather than a peace conference. The obvious result of such reporting is that the people of the United States have no accurate idea of what the British position was, nor have the British any conception of the reasons behind the American attitude.

The conference not only failed. With the aid of the press, it has sown dragon's

teeth. Each nation is profoundly convinced that the other strove to acquire for itself the mastery of the seas while hypocritically professing a desire for equality. Actually both nations were right, Britain desiring small cruisers for her far-flung police duties, the United States wanting 10,000 ton ships because smaller ones would have been of little use with her lack of naval bases. The error, the criminal blunder, was the action of the press in attributing to each a sinister purpose to overreach the other. As a result public sentiment in the United States looks with complacency on the most costly naval program ever presented to Congress, and the London press is full of gibes at a nation which preaches peace and proceeds to construct the most powerful fleet ever known.

Is there any remedy for such press methods? Primarily the situation would improve if newspapers generally would instruct their correspondents to avoid transmitting news which is merely irritating without having enough importance to make its publication necessary. Such items, for instance, as the story recently carried by many papers describing a duel fought by Mussolini in which Il Duce was "detected" in wearing a coat of mail! Of course the story was untrue, and it was equally unimportant. Yet it was irritating to the Italian people.

To get a just estimate of the part played by news in creating or correcting misunderstandings between nations would require an investigation which could be conducted only with the coöperation of the press itself. Such an inquiry should not be confined to the methods used in Europe and America, but should consider the obvious irritation of the South American press with the policies of the United States, as reported to them, and to the news that comes out of China. An inquiry of this sort would prove enlightening to the public and might even result in correcting journalistic methods which too often imperil the harmony of nations.

The Evolutionist and Death

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine (July, '28)

Vernon Kellogg

EVOLUTION is change. The evolutionist witnesses the unceasing change that goes on in cosmos, earth and life. The everlasting hills do not endure; the continents lift and subside. The very elements of which earth and suns are made are forever transmuting themselves. And energy,—as well as matter,—is shifting from one form to another. Nothing is static in the inorganic world; nothing is fixed. But there is always the persistence of something; there is continuity of both energy and matter.

No less obvious is the constant change in living things. There has been constant change in the kinds of living things ever since life came to be on earth. And there is change in every living unit throughout all of its existence. From fertilized egg-cell to senescence and death, there is nothing in biology so obvious or so important as the fact that the living unit is a point of ceaseless change.

The fertilized egg-cell is the individual man in his first stage; the mature individual is the last stage we know. All intermediate stages are steps upward, steps toward greater fulness. And then comes death, which is disintegration. Does death end the series? Is it just a rude stopping of the individual's developmental path, a disastrous ending of the unfolding series, a repudiation of us by Mother Nature?

We know only too well that it is a very radical change. It is certainly the destruction of humanness—as far as we know humanness. But there is so much in humanness that we don't know. We know the complex human body capable of complex functions, but most

of us believe that there is more to humanness than a mere aggregation of matter endowed with certain functions. But what this more is we don't know. And it is this more which means most to us.

The biologist knows of that interesting phenomenon known as "the immortality of the Infusoria." Among the simplest one-celled animals the individual, after certain growth, does not die, but divides by simple fission into two similar cells, each of which repeats the behavior of the parent. These simplest little creatures may be said to be "immortal."

But this phenomenon of bodily persistence does not occur among many-celled animals. At death all the tissues and organs of the body are disintegrated, reduced to chemical elements. But there is an interesting exception to this disastrous fate.

The course of development from single fertilized egg-cell to mature many-celled individual begins with the division of the egg-cell into two—just as the one-celled animal divides, only the resulting cells remain attached. Next, each of these two cells divides, and so on, all the cells remaining together. In the divisions, however, a differentiation or specialization of many of the resultant cells early begins to reveal itself. This differentiation results in the production of muscle-cells, nerve-cells, bone-cells, and so on.

But while all the other cells of the body are doomed to suffer death and disintegration, the reproductive, or germ, cells with opportunity, are to meet and fuse with germ-cells produced by another individual, and thus form

fertilized egg-cells, from each of which a whole new body shall be produced. Thus, like the single-celled animals, the single germ-cells of many-celled animal bodies persist, at least some do, and may be said to be immortal.

But this will seem to most of us a rather sophisticated use of the term immortality. When we speak of immortality we are not thinking about the sweep of successive generations connected by their germ-plasms. We are thinking about our individual selves.

The evolutionist has no direct evidence for further speculation. Yet one thing is certain: as yet we are only on the threshold of scientific knowledge regarding the character and capacities of matter and energy. The revolution of our understanding of physics and chemistry in the last quarter-century indicates how much and how significant is that we have yet to know. As a corollary it shows, too, how little we know of fundamental reality. In the light of this suggestive ignorance, it would take a reckless man to declare dogmatically that death ends all.

What scientist, seeing a single organless minute speck of protoplasm for the first time, and knowing nothing of its possibilities, would venture the wild speculation that it would develop into the amazingly complex structure of a full-grown man? No wonder the early naturalists, learning this outcome, imagined they saw through their unperfected microscopes an actual human miniature, a homunculus, in the egg-cell, needing but to grow and expand to become a full-fledged individual. That was a natural, if naive, explanation of the wonderful happening.

We must look again, too, on the derivation of the many-hued butterfly, flashing from flower to flower, from the wormlike caterpillar. From a disintegration of the tissues of the caterpillar, which is almost as radical as death, there blossoms forth the glorious creature with organs new and different,

with body of different fashion and life of different manner. But all this we accept as matter of course, so well do we know it. The birth of the common house-fly is even a more radical rebirth, but we are too familiar with it to marvel.

Yet these profound changes in the individual development, once looked upon as utter mystery, and now known to be but normal incidents, suggest the possibility of discovering other profoundly radical changes in the life history of other creatures, indeed of human beings. Death may simply be one incident in a series of profound evolutionary changes in an organism of which we know now only the earlier stages. Death may not be the end, but simply another change in human life, greater and more radical, but perhaps no less possible, than the change from single egg-cell to myriad-celled and utterly different body. It may be a definite and inevitable evolutionary change, the results of which go beyond our present range of visibility and understanding.

The stored-up reserves of energy in various forms of inorganic matter (witness Millikan's "cosmic rays") are only beginning to be realized by us. What reserves are there in organic matter? What possibilities of transformation are there in living bodies? In what new mould may life be cast when that moment of change in the human body comes which we call the moment of death? These are questions now unanswerable, but in any discussion of the mystery we ought to have constantly in mind the limitation of our special senses.

The human body and spirit as we now recognize them may constitute but a stage in the full flowering of humanness. Death may be but a change from one condition of humanness to another. The evolutionist is familiar with profound change. That part in the change called death which is still unknown to him may be the part that means everything to him.

New Heights in American Architecture

Condensed from the Yale Review (July, '28)

Harvey Wiley Corbett

EACH year brings a crop of taller buildings, and, since no one enjoys seeing walls tumble down, everyone wants to know how tall a building can be. The sky is the limit. It is safe enough for buildings to go higher. Only they must never lose their usefulness, for if a building does not serve the purpose for which it was intended, it is architecturally bad no matter how splendid it seems.

For six thousand years Egypt, in building, had only one structural principle—the post and lintel; Greece, following, used the same structural principle, though with a refinement of detail that has never since been equalled; Rome introduced the masonry arch in combination with the post and lintel; and until fifty years ago, in spite of all its changing styles, these were the only structural principles employed. Then came steel, with its skeleton construction, permitting the piling up of storeys to great heights; and the machine, allowing the erection in one year of structures surpassing in extent those that resulted from centuries of slave labor.

It is fortunate that size can be achieved more practically by piling masses up than by spreading them out. The vertical is always more attractive than the horizontal; it produces an effect of slenderness that is more pleasing. We wear vertical stripes in our clothes, but when we want ugly uniforms for convicts, we have broad horizontal stripes. In building, man has always been fascinated by the majesty and pleasing lift of high buildings. In the Gothic, designed to raise all eyes to Heaven, he realized his ideal with marvelous feats of engineering.

When architects with steel at their command first designed tall buildings, they turned, naturally enough, to Gothic, which they adapted as best they could and with some remarkable results. But when Gothic is merely slavishly copied, it is cold and uninspiring. Moreover, Gothic, being primarily an ecclesiastical style, is not expressive of industrial structures.

When architects had found time to study their problem, they tried to evolve design in character with the new building structure (steel skeleton), with the new proportions (vertical masses), and with the new purposes (commercial enterprises). The steel skeleton is a thing of straight lines and right angles, and American architects now attempted to keep the facings and masses of their buildings true to the structure underneath. Verticality was emphasized; masses were made symmetrical; the whole was treated simply.

The best examples of the new architecture carry the eye upward as inevitably as the walls of a cathedral; yet they are lacking in much embellishment and are strictly considerate of the practical requirements of the building as regards natural lighting and conservation of space. The building rises in a series of simply sculptured masses crowned by an aspiring pinnacle. The clean lines and simplicity of such structures are imposing; their monumental proportions reflect contemporary society whose extent surpasses any other.

The machine is the outstanding tool of the period. Nevertheless it is still to be so directed that its artistic possibilities may be developed. Its function is not merely to manufacture materials

that appear to be what they are not—like rubber simulating marble; but machines can give materials fresh and native beauty as easily as they can produce gaudy counterfeits. Designers are more and more considering forms in terms of their structural function and the machines that will shape the material.

The Telephone Building is the most interesting modern building in New York because the designers approached their problem by thinking what could be done in terms of construction and machinery of today, and by giving to each material the form, decoration, and color distinctly its own. That spirit was carried throughout the construction. In matters of detail, the old-fashioned cornice practically disappeared, for, when raised 20 stories, it meant nothing. The marble work, instead of being cut in pilasters with flutes carefully chiselled out, was so designed that machines could shape it. In the Middle Ages, the designers worked with the tools available. The modern architect must do the same, if his work is to be indigenous to this period.

An ever-recurring criticism of the new architecture is its lack of color, an important element in great buildings of the past. The truth is that the dust and grime of our commercial cities tend to reduce everything to a common gray regardless of its original hue. Such a condition does not provoke experiment. Municipal cleanliness, however, is now being accorded high regard, and architects are becoming interested in use of color not in blotches but as an inherent part of the design. Cleaner cities may yet give us buildings of brilliant splendor.

In cities, the architect has to consider two great problems: traffic, and the separation of residence from business.

There are two ways of increasing the size of our streets for necessary traffic. One is to tear down all existing buildings and start afresh. The other is to raise the sidewalks one story and give their space to vehicles. Such sidewalks are

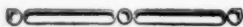
at once an inherent part of a building's design, and they tend to make a block a basic unit. Decoratively vaulted, they would shield pedestrians from sun and rain and snow, while below them would be visible the shiny tops of motor cars like giant beetles. Traffic would be divided naturally. Movement would be free.

In New York alone, thousands of people are now transported daily to and from their homes, and often jostled and crushed in a way that would considerably reduce the market value of cattle.

A building occupying a whole block could contain a community within itself. It could have a constant cornice line which would become an upper sidewalk. Below this point could be business; above it, with promenades and terraces and sunshine, could be residences, with a few small shops for convenience. A man could take an elevator home after work. The centers of the buildings could contain gymnasiums. Our annual crop of taller structures is witness to the willingness of wealth to provide such gigantic structures.

Seeing the widespread destruction of old buildings, anyone may well ask how long the new themselves will last. Contrary to much opinion, our tall buildings are structurally quite sound. The life of steel structure is not known, but it has proved durable. Large masonry buildings such as St. Paul's, London, are constantly undergoing tremendously expensive repairs, while a steel frame can, when necessary, be easily repaired by jacking up the structure and introducing a new section.

American architecture, rising in response to needs, is recording our customs, our aspirations, our tastes. Urged on by the growth and wealth of the country, and given new means of building, an architecture is evolving which, original in design and structure, is characteristically American in that it is useful first, then beautiful.



Henry Hudson

Condensed from The Mentor (July, '28)

Llewelyn Powys

OF the early life of Henry Hudson, discoverer of Hudson Bay, of Hudson Strait and of the Hudson River, nothing is known. It is, however, a mistake to think he was a Dutchman and to call him "Hendrik." He signed his name plain Henry and was unable either to read or write the language of his Amsterdam employers.

His first appearance in history occurs when, in 1607, he and his crew of ten men and a boy took holy communion in Bishopsgate before setting out in their ship, the *Hopewell*, to sail straight across the North Pole to the far-fabled land of Cathay. This voyage was a failure. He found it impossible to break through the ice barrier between Greenland and Spitzbergen and returned to London. The next year the Muscovy Company again employed him on the same quest. This time he tried to find a navigable strait through Novaya Zemla into the Kara Sea, and from there, after rounding the legendary Cape of Tabin, to win to the wealth of the East through a warm sea perfumed with "incense-bearing trees."

This voyage was also unsuccessful, but if he never sighted the legendary cape, at least two of his sailors had a glimpse of something even more remarkable. Standing on deck, just after an arctic storm, they caught sight of a mermaid. It is not the first time men have enjoyed such a privilege. The Dutch once caught such a being near Borneo and kept her alive for nearly a week in a large vat. "From time to time she uttered little cries like those of a mouse. She would not eat, though she was offered fish, lobsters, etc."

Henry Hudson was at pains to state

the exact appearance of this girl-fish. "She came close to the ship, looking earnestly on the men" and then was turned over by a wave and disappeared from sight. "From the navill upwards her backe and breasts were like a woman's, her skin very white, and long hair hanging down behinde; in her going down they saw her tayle, which was like the tayle of a porpoise and speckled like a macrell."

However arrested the London merchants may have been by this tale, they were profoundly discouraged by Hudson's second failure and soon he found himself "out of a job." The Dutch, however, had heard of his exploits, and in their employ he set out again, sailed across the Atlantic in the *Half Moon*, and, on September 2, 1609, sighted the gleaming flats of Sandy Hook. As the sailors entered New York harbor "their nostrils inhaled a sweet smell." Indians came out in canoes carrying gifts of oysters and whortleberries. On every side magnificent forests came down to the water's edge.

Hudson sailed the *Half Moon* as far up the river as Albany, and went on shore to see the Indians in their own homes. "I went on shore. with an old man of a tribe, consisting of 40 men and 17 women; these I saw there in a house well constructed of oak bark, and circular in shape, with an arched roof. On our coming some food was served in wide-made wooden bowls. Likewise a fat dog was killed, and skinned in a great haste with shells. They supposed that I would remain with them for the night, but I returned to the ship. The natives are a very good people, for when they saw that I would not remain, they sup-

posed that I was afraid of their bows, and taking their arrows, they broke them in pieces, and threw them into the fire."

At Albany Hudson, finding shallow water, turned back. Now came an unfortunate incident. One afternoon when the *Half Moon* was at anchor surrounded by canoes, an Indian climbed onto the rudder and out of a window stole a shirt and a cutlass. The shirt belonged to an evil-minded English sailor from the slums of London, called Robert Juet. Better had the native stolen from a man-eating animal than from this ancient dock wal-loper. The alarm was given, and the Dutch mate shot at the thief and killed him. All was confusion, with a general stampede of the Indians overboard. That night the *Half Moon* sailed as far down river as possible.

Next day a hundred or more natives were seen collecting on a certain point of land to shout across at the *Half Moon*; when Juet "shot a falcon at them, and killed two." Two days later they were "clear of the inlet," and with free hearts sailed away. Possibly the captain was unable to prevent this display of savagery. We know that he had already suffered from the insubordination of his crew. To a civilized reader, however, this departure does not make pleasant reading.

Hudson's last voyage had the backing of the Prince of Wales and the London merchants, and in 1610 the "*Barke Discovery*" set sail for Cathay. From the first there was an ugly underswell of discontent amongst the crew. Robert Juet indulged in mutinous talk and advised two sailors to keep their muskets loaded in their cabins for what "hee supposed would bee manslaughter, and prove bloodie to some."

At last they entered Hudson Strait. It took five weeks to sail through, owing to the great masses of ice. At one time the men refused to go on, but Hudson showed them his charts and persuaded them to continue. On and on they sailed, collecting fresh water from pools in passing icebergs.

When they reached the entrance of

the great bay Hudson undoubtedly thought that the most difficult part of the voyage was over, and that he had discovered the long-desired passage. But much time was wasted in sailing to and fro, and by November 1st the *Discovery* was frozen in at the southern end of James Bay. The gunner died, the men got scurvy, the food ran short. On shore they could see nothing but mud flats and snow-hooded rocks.

At first they lived on ptarmigans, or white partridges, and in the early spring on migrating birds that settled before continuing their way to nest in the Far North. After this, so famished were they, they wandered into the woods, up over the hills and down into the valleys searching like knavish foxes for "all things that had any show of substance in them how vile soever." They ate moss and frogs "than the which the powder of a post be much better."

At last the ice melted sufficiently for them to free the ship. Their only hope was to get back to Cape Digges, where the year before they had seen the wild fowl breeding. Hudson divided the last scrap of bread with his own hands and "hee wept when he gave it unto them."

Presently they became embayed in ice and on a certain Saturday night Juet led a mutiny. Three men leapt on Hudson, pinioned his arms, and forced him, his son and the sick sailors into the ship's small boat. The mutineers intended to keep the ship's carpenter with them, but when this honest sailor saw what had happened he went off to get his carpenter's chest and iron pot, swearing lustily that "as for himself he would not stay in the ship" but would choose rather to commit himself to God's mercy and "for the love of the master go down into the shallop, than with such villaines to accept of likelier hopes."

The mutineers now cut the small boat free and sailed away, the shallop growing smaller and smaller till Henry Hudson became a mote, a nothing, lost on the waters of the great northern mediterranean which he had discovered. It was the last glimpse we have of him. His end is clouded in mystery.

Table Talk

Excerpts from The Century Magazine

THE creative energy that Greece poured into her temples, the affectionate detail of the Flemish masters, and the epic fidelity of the Nibelungs have combined in America to make the automobile. No longer is it merely a mode of transportation; it has become the acknowledged symbol of our civilization, the focus of our imaginative life. Even those who wish it were otherwise cannot deny that the keen, beautiful fact of the automobile cuts deeper into their esthetic core than most contemporary art.

The price war of the automobile Titans, vigorously prosecuted along steel-drawn battle lines, is claiming the best creative energy of the age. Few modern lyrics seem important beside a 115-horsepower motor, humming at top speed without spilling a drop from the full glass of water placed on its cylinder-head. Few representations of life-in-action are as exhilarating or colorful as an arrowy roadster taking a cañon grade in high. Immediacy and power have always been the most desired qualities in any art—and in the automobile we have the apotheosis of both. If our fine arts are suffering from pernicious anemia—as obviously they are—it is probably because the white corpuscles of originality and power are all battling for supremacy in the automotive industry.

Sixty percent of all Protestant churches made not a single convert in 1927. And in the same year Will Durant's publishers sold nearly 200,000 copies of his "Story of Philosophy." It seems that Americans would rather know the definition and history of God than praise him in His temples.

The late Charles P. Steinmetz, the electrical genius, was visiting at the home of Roger Babson. He had been discussing the future of aeronautics, radio and power transmission, when his host asked him what line of human activity would see the greatest development during the next 50 years. Mr. Steinmetz replied:

"I think the greatest development will be made along spiritual lines. Here is a force which history clearly shows has been the greatest power in the development of mankind."

Charles Steinmetz did not speak or deal in truisms. His commentary rings with the deep and powerful intensity of a great scientist uttering an irrefragable truth.

Fouché, Napoleon's prefect of police, built up an index of criminals that has until recently been the envy and despair of the gum-shoe world. But Fouché, fine-comb worker that he was, would have been amazed at the extent and minutiae of the modern American system of business espionage. A man's word is no longer as good as his bond, and his bond is severely affected by the detective report of his private comings and goings. Naturally, the Loaned Dollar must be protected, but at present the world of finance is leaning so heavily on the confidential report as almost to snap the props of decency. Countless agencies exist to place heaps of confidential information at the disposal of any one who can "buy the service." This power in the hands of professional informers is almost certainly abused. Somehow it always gets around that Jones had quite a bit of trouble meeting that last note at the bank; and so subtle is the barometer of human emo-

tion that it drops perceptibly when we next see Jones playing billiards at the club. Naturally, a man who plays billiards as well as Jones will find himself in difficulties with the financial powers who know all, see all, hear all.

Men have always spied on each other and always will. But whereas it was formerly the Church or State that harried a man, threatening him with excommunication if he broke the moral law, or setting the political blood-hounds on his trail if he hinted revolution—*now* it is Business that applies the screws. For the first time in history, Business emerges as a moral power.

Competition may be the life of trade, but nothing can jack up the annual dividend like a good tight merger. Newspapers, banks, chain-stores and railroads seem to be leading the way toward a new alignment of big business. But the merger is only the penultimate stage of development. The last phase will be reached when the Big Mergers (fill in your own names here) after absorbing everything in sight, begin to absorb each other. Then the real Emperor of America will arise and take his place on the throne of a completely merged and submerged nation.

Obsolescence is a vastly important word nowadays. Briefly, it means being out of style. Fashion-setters, advertisers, designers of machinery, and every one else interested in speeding up purchases, are trying to fill us with holy horror of things obsolescent. Even though last year's car runs better than it did on the day you bought it, and last season's frock is just as becoming as the first night you put it on—they are obsolescent if you please, and should be traded in for something new.

Naturally the idea fits in well with machined products, but it becomes particularly harmful when it invades the domain of letters. And unfortunately that invasion is now an established fact. In the confusion of the seasonal publisher's lists, permanence and stability are not to be tolerated. The hungry presses whir, the public clamors for the next course. "New books for old," cry the publishers, forced to junk more or less of last year's list. Obsolescent is the word of the hour.

At least once a week some clergyman mounts his pulpit and delivers a sermon entitled, "Can We Reconcile Science and Religion?" Just as often, a grave political thinker enunciates his thought on, "The State and the Individual: Are they Mutually Compatible?"

Let us spend no more energy in the attempt to reconcile science and religion, the state and the individual. They are as irreconcilable (and as necessary to each other) as gold and fire, sky and wind, beach and breaker. They are the two aspects of the matured entity. If one element is sadly in abeyance or greatly in excess, the result is ill health, greenness, futility. Actually, all apparent divergencies are reconciled in the healthy man—and he (mythopoetic fiction that he is) is neither beach nor breaker, gold nor fire, but the fusion and intermingling of both.

To get the necessary \$150 to pay for his college fraternity pin, a Massachusetts freshman held up a cigar-store and is now taking a semester's work in the county jail. Apparently, what this country needs is a good five-cent fraternity pin.



DR. J. HOWARD BEARD (p. 193) lives in Urbana, Illinois.

CATHERINE BEACH ELY (p. 195) was born of "bookish people," lived in an Ohio town, took years of residence study in Europe, and now devotes herself to the "plodding pen and the clicking typewriter." Summer strolls through picturesque New England contrast with the stimulus of her winter life in New York City.

ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM (p. 197), famous lecturer and writer, devotes his life to making biology and kindred sciences easily understood by the man in the street. Two of his books, "The New Decalogue of Science," and "The Fruit of the Family Tree," have been "best sellers."

FRANK R. KENT (p. 201) is a life-long reporter of the American political scene and has been on the Baltimore Sun—as reporter, Washington correspondent, managing editor, and vice-president—for 30 years. His book, "The Great Game of Politics" is distinguished as one of the most unvarnished accounts of political realities ever published.

FREDERICK ALLEN LEWIS (p. 203) confesses that "Nervous Liquidation" is horribly close to autobiography. His clever, whimsical sketches appear regularly in "The Lion's Mouth" of Harper's, and in the Forum. Mr. Allen lives in Scarsdale and is assistant editor of Harper's.

SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA (p. 205), one of the most brilliant of European scholars, author of "The Sacred Giraffe," "The Genius of Spain," and other books, was for seven years head of the disarmament section of the League of Nations. He is now a professor at Oxford.

CHARLES W. WOOD (p. 207) is one of the editors of Forbes magazine.

RUTH S. BROOKS (p. 209) acknowledges that the only unusual fact about herself is that, in the light of the present day, she likes housekeeping and does not like clubs! Friends, a garden, a book, a concert, Gloucester in summer, Europe now and then, spell happiness and satisfaction to her. "Swashmore," says Mrs. Brooks, "where my husband is a professor in the college, is as nearly suited to such an existence as any place I can imagine."

OWEN P. WHITE (p. 211) is a journalist who invariably traces the ways of the wicked with divesting relish.

W. O. MCGEEHAN (p. 215) is one of the best of the sports writers, and his column "Down the Line" in the New York Herald Tribune is famous.

CHARLES MERZ (p. 219) is an editorial writer for the New York World. His book, "The Great American Band-Wagon," (John Day Co.) is an accurate and lively chronicle of contemporary life in the United States. Carl Van Doren says of the book: "How do most Americans really live day by day? Upon what meat are they fed, by what stimulants aroused, by what comforts lulled, by what pleasures entertained? These are the questions which Mr. Merz answers. And when he has done he has produced a mirror of America which is as true as it is amusing."

D. T. MACDOUGAL (p. 221) is Associate in Plant Biology, Carnegie Institution of Washington.

ALLAN HOBEN (p. 223) is President of Kalamazoo College.

ARTHUR R. BLESSING (p. 225), graduate of Cornell University, is Librarian at the Naval War College at Newport, R. I.

GENERAL F. N. KRASSNOFF (p. 227), action of an old Cossack family, Commander of a Cavalry Corps during the World War, winner of the St. George's Cross for courage on the field, is an avowed partisan critic of Russia. He was one of the first to lead the counter-attack against Bolshevism, and when that desperate effort had collapsed, hunted and penniless, he emigrated first to Germany, then to France.

GEORGE THOMSON FRY (p. 235) is a journalist. He was former European manager for the International News Service.

DR. HARRY O. OVERSTREET (p. 243), one of America's best-known psychologists, is Professor of Philosophy at the College of the City of New York, and the author of "Ourselves," "Influencing Human Behavior," and other standard works. The article, "The Art of Persuasion," is a report of a lecture given recently by Professor Overstreet under the auspices of the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce.

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK (p. 245), a preacher of national renown, is pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church of New York, which is building itself a new home on Riverside Drive close to Columbia University.

WILLIS J. ABBOT (p. 247), editor of the Christian Science Monitor of Boston, returned from a long visit to Europe impressed with the menace of sensational journalism to international amities. Since writing his paper Mr. Abbot has spoken on the same theme before the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations and the Twentieth Century Club in Boston.

VERNON KELLOGG (p. 249) is permanent secretary of the National Research Council, the most important of the country's scientific organizations. He is author of a number of books on scientific subjects, travel, and the late war. He has been decorated by France, Belgium, and Poland for his relief work during and after the war.

HARVEY WILEY CORBETT (p. 251) is the American architect who designed the Bush Terminal Building in New York and Bush House, London.

LEWELYN POWYS (p. 253) is author of "Henry Hudson," "Black Laughter," "Ebony and Ivory," etc.

THE READER'S DIGEST IN BRAILLE

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